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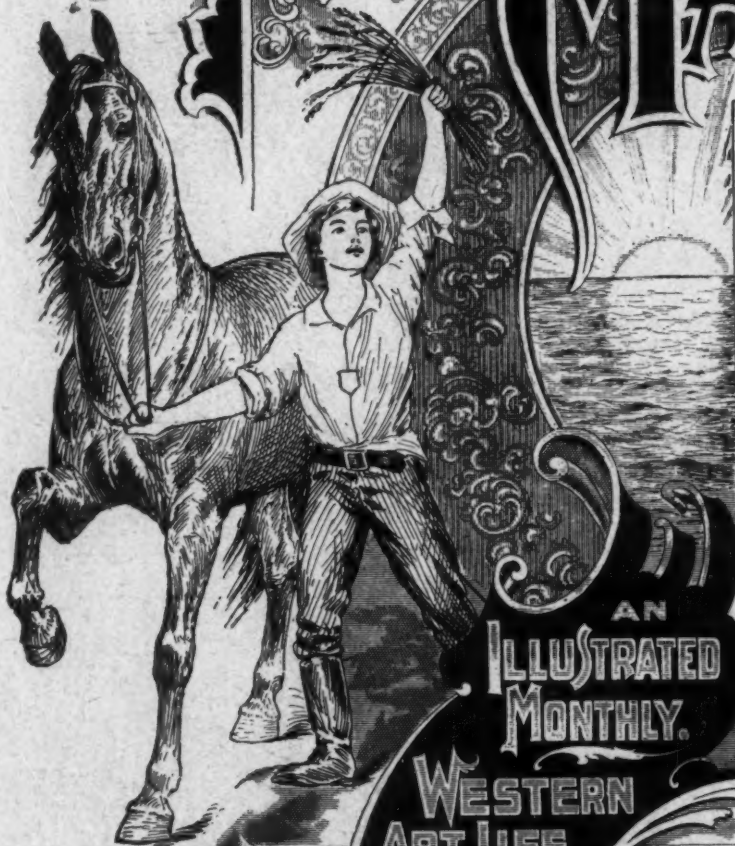
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FEBRUARY, 1899. VOL. XVII.

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Periodical Dept.

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Along the St. Paul & Duluth Railway in Minnesota and Wisconsin.
In and About Great Falls, Montana.

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They were about to retire the other night, and before getting into bed knelt one on either side of the bed, and offered up their sentiments for the mercy that had been shown them during the day in the little prayer that had been taught them by their good mother.

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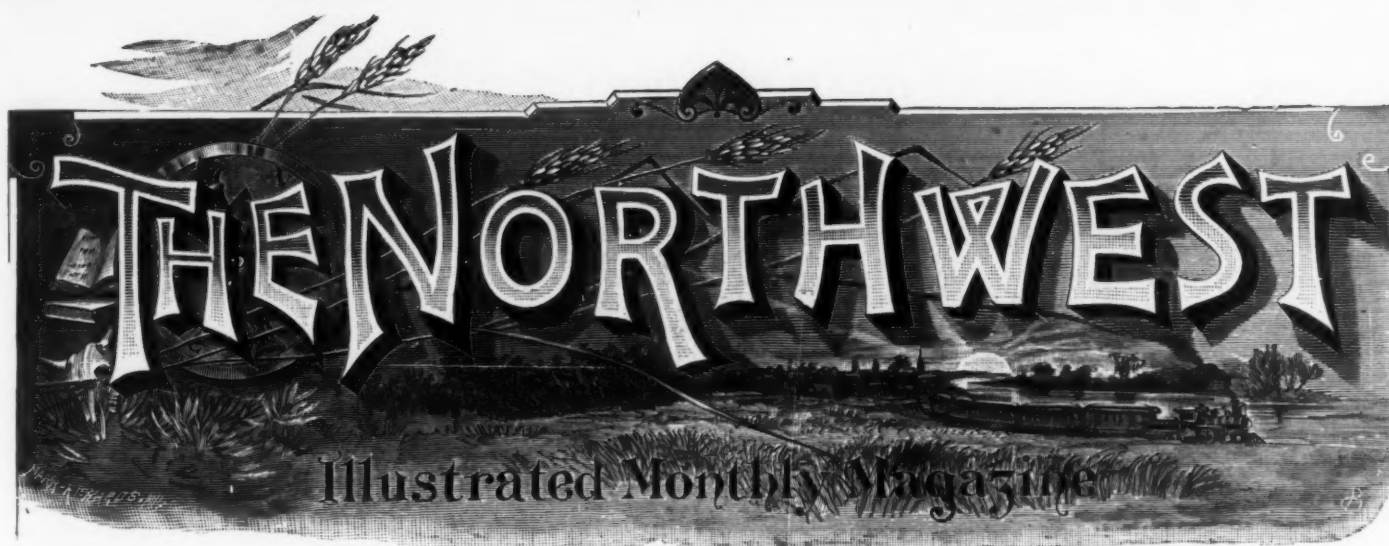
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ST. PAUL, FEBRUARY, 1899.

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LESSONS TAUGHT BY THE INDIAN CONGRESS.

By Mary Alice Harriman, with copyrighted illustrations by F. A. Rinehart.

There were six hundred Indians—Sioux, Omahas, Winnebagos, Sacs and Foxes, Crows, Blackfeet, Cheyennes, Plutes, Apaches, Zunis, Navajos, Chippewas, Assiniboines, Arapahoes, Poncas, and Flatheads—gathered on the ancient hunting-ground of the Omaha's in nearest juxtaposition to the marvels of highest civilization as shown by the Trans-Mississippi Exposition. Could a greater antithesis be found anywhere in the world?

To me there was nothing at the Omaha Exposition that was so attractive as the Indian Congress. Small wonder that thousands wandered to the camping-ground of the aborigines, many to study the ethnological features, others to see a genuine wild-west show. From every standpoint it was the opportunity of a lifetime to see, thus congregated, representative types of northern Crow and southern Ute, erstwhile treacherous Sioux and implacable Apache, and other tribes that months of travel could not have shown to so good an advantage.

The object of this congress was to faithfully present the different Indian tribes and their every-day life, afford a study of their varied dress or their lack of it, see the squaws making bead-work, and look upon the men as they loafed, smoked, and fashioned their beautifully-shaped canoes. Mock Indian battles, and religious, peace, and war-dances, including the famous Ghost dance, filled their time not unpleasantly; while always, under suitable surveillance, the Indians were allowed to mingle with the paler-faced crowd that jostled them without fear on Midway or plaza.

As I first saw the encampment the sun was sinking behind some slender trees; in the foreground smoke curled up from half a hundred camp-fires. My eyes beheld all sorts of queer domicils—teepees, wickiups, tents furnished by Uncle Sam, an adobe house, and a log-cabin. About me picturesque figures, classically draped, led sorry-looking ponies. A dirty-faced boy in a dirty pink shirt—his only covering—stood near me, and there was an odor of boiling coffee and the smell of hot grease. I was in Indian-land. Every tribe had a different manner of arranging its tents or lodges, and one soon learned to distinguish the tribes by the teepees.

A fat squaw, whose unwieldy form quivered with every motion, like molded gelatine, was pounding a tent-peg with an ax, while another was pulling the buffalo-hide covering around the slender poles brought from South Dakota for the teepees. The men sat on the ground, seeing nothing, doing nothing—just waiting

till the tent was up, the fire started, and the coffee made; then they retired to the privacy of the wigwam to eat alone. These were Sioux.

The San Carlos Apaches had low, rounded huts covered with bark and cloth. They had quite pleasant faces, and were sociable. Discovering that one of the women had the civilized name of Annie, I won her friendship by the present of a silver ring, and made signs that I wanted something to eat. Squatting by the smoldering fire, I had my supper of coffee,—good coffee, too,—boiled hominy, and



SIUX CHIEF "GOES-TO-WAR."

"bannock" baked in a frying-pan. Always after that, as I passed their tents, I was hailed as "'Pache," with gestures indicating that I had eaten with them; and, besides, I had brown eyes, and must of necessity be one of them.

The Jicarilla Apaches were more distant, but by judicious display of toys for the children I was admitted to their tent (United States tents, these were, with startling figures painted on them), and sat with them around a large panful of stewed jerked beef, into which bread and potatoes were dipped rather promiscuously. The beef was palatable, but I confess that I did not eat much of the gravy. As I thanked the "headman," who spoke fairly good English, he told me that his people were much pleased to have me eat with them, and that I was the first

white person that had come into their tents. "Everyone 'fraid; no one like us," he said. They were fierce-looking, but their looks belied them. They did not stay long in Omaha; I think they were homesick from the very first day.

On another occasion one of the Sioux chiefs gave me some half-cooked onions, and fancied that he was giving me a great treat. After that I did not eat with them very frequently; it was too hard work to relish all that they had for food. Five days' rations were issued to each head of a family at a time, and they cooked to suit themselves.

A little baby, born on the grounds, will wear for some time the string of amber beads I gave him; but I had to pay twenty-five cents for the privilege of tying them around his tiny neck. Contact with the whites has taught the Indians the full value of any privileges we may ask.

The Government had to ask for volunteers to come to this congress. It could not and would not force any one to come; but by patient recital of glories to be seen, and earnest efforts on the part of agents sent from Washington, most of the tribes remaining on the reservations had old and well-known headmen and distinct types present. Among the Sioux and Omahas, the reluctance was not so difficult to overcome. Many of them had been, or had had relatives, with "Buffalo Bill" at one time or another, and regarded this expedition as one of similar nature. Many, too, could speak English, but their stoical manner and impassiveness never betrayed the fact.

It was hard to find the official interpreters



SIUX CHIEF "AFRAID-OF-EAGLE."



TWO LITTLE CROWS.

at times, and, as the curiosity of the visitors overstepped the bounds of decency occasionally, by common consent wires were drawn around their homes, and an unintelligible grunt was the only sound vouchsafed the inquisitive stranger. This was unfortunate, as many who were genuinely interested had to be deprived of seeing more of the real life of the Indians by the insistence of the "great unwashed."

Many times have I been ashamed of my race as I saw some vulgar, ignorant man push against an Indian woman with his cane, and comment audibly on her lack of form. Probably she understood every word he said; and, Indian or white, a woman should be respected.

A large number of persons would deliberately turn aside the flap of a tent, which served the purpose of a door and was never shut unless the Indians were eating or sleeping, and enter—even handling the dishes and clothing of the

occupants. Now, an Indian regards his home-life as sacred, and nothing angered them more than such intrusions. Knock, ask to enter, be polite, and even if they did not understand your words, they quickly perceived your feeling, and nothing was too good for you; you were made welcome; you were remembered, and asked to come again.

Alas that so few recognized the Indians as fellow-men "under their skins!" If the brotherhood of man had been more thought of and lives had been adjusted accordingly in the days when Columbus discovered a new country; when DeSoto vainly looked for the fountain of youth; when Cortez led his hosts into Mexico and Peru; and during the long centuries of dishonor by which this country has been brought to its present civilization, we should not have had the horrors of Wounded Knee, Custer's massacre, Geronimo's savage acts of cruelty, nor the long trail of blood and fire which blazed

along the frontier from the time when the Eastern coast was the outpost till the year of our Lord, 1898, when the Pillager Indians of Minnesota rose in revolt against the same old deceit and wanton injustice. This is, perhaps, not relevant to the subject; but the study of these Indians caused deeper thoughts to rise than were occasioned by regarding them merely as a part of the amusement section of the exposition.

Too much credit cannot be given to Captain Mercer, U. S. A., who had full charge of this congress. He was assisted by Mr. J. R. Wise, of the Indian Bureau at Washington, and by W. H. Liddiard, otherwise known as "Rattlesnake Pete." He it was who engineered the dances and the pleasure excursions, and made himself indispensable to the whole crowd. Mr. James Mooney, in charge of the ethnological department of the Government work, was also of incomparable service in erecting and equipping a Kiowa camp-circle, which historically represented the one pitched at Medicine Lodge, Kansas, in 1867, on the occasion of the last great gathering of that tribe before the signing of the treaty which placed them, together with the Comanches, Apaches, Cheyennes, and Arapahoes, on Government reservations and ended forever their free life on the plains by making them the wards of Uncle Sam. The camp was, of course, only in miniature, but it was correct in every detail, and the tents in the eighty-foot diameter of the circle were exact counterparts of those shown by the tribes assembled in 1867. It was of great value to persons who wished to study Indian heraldry, as the tents were decorated profusely; and to others it was also interesting, showing as it did the customs of the Indians when they had a big conference on hand.

The Indian Band from the Industrial School at Flandreau, South Dakota, illustrated what the Government is doing for the young of its wards. Though the boys were dressed for the time being in Indian costume, they could speak English, and were as well "up" in their studies as white boys of the same age; and they played as well as any band at the exposition, excepting, of course, the more famous ones, such as the Marine of Washington.

Speaking of educated persons that I met, let me tell you of a lady—I use the word advisedly—a Mrs. Whistler, who was a revelation to me as to what an Indian woman may be.



REVIEW OF INDIAN CONGRESS AT THE OMAHA EXPOSITION.



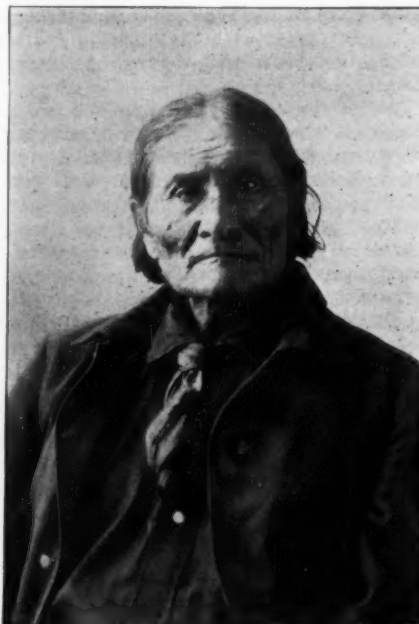
A GROUP OF SIOUX WARRIORS AT THE OMAHA INDIAN CONGRESS.

Of perhaps fifty years, with the most musical of contralto voices, she was tall, of perfect carriage, and graceful in every move. She was a Fox (or was it Sac?) from Iowa, but now of the reservation in Oklahoma. She conversed with me, in far more grammatical English than I use ordinarily, on the benefit to be derived by the Indians from their visit to the exposition, and of the books she had read and liked, the list including the standard magazines, Haggard's works, Kipling's verse, and all of Helen Hunt Jackson's books. She mentioned particularly the somewhat hysterical pathos of "Ramona," and the sadness of the facts in "A Century of Dishonor." Without a touch of self-consciousness, without anger, she acknowledged that her race was to be but a memory. "Yours will go the same way," she said, smiling. She, as did other Indians, pretended not to speak any language but her own. To but few was vouchsafed the privilege of personal acquaintance with these members of a race whose history goes back to the time when Atlantis, perhaps, formed the link between what we now know as the Eastern and the Western hemispheres.

Only to those whom they saw frequently, and whom they knew respected them, did they allow their real selves to become known. Turning Eagle and Afraid of Eagle, of South Dakota, were the two most approachable of the men. Jolly and childlike, their smiles were always ready when the two "newspaper women" came in sight. His Horse Looking and John Keeps the Mountain were among others who always had a cordial handshake and a friendly "How!" as we passed. Arapahoes, Crows, Apaches, Assiniboines—all the tribes that danced by the flickering flare of burning camp-fires, allowed us to squat beside them and watch the weird figures swaying in the dim light; and one never-to-be-forgotten night we were asked to join the magic circle and "hunch" ourselves to the steady beat of the solitary drum, pounded by a half-dozen kneeling braves. I had not realized that it might be hard work to dance with that peculiar motion, but I was utterly exhausted in about ten minutes, and gladly dropped out and down to rest.

A barbecue, with roasted ox, pigs, and sheep, was another thing to which we were invited, while other folks had to stay outside the fence.

The time previous to the apportionment of the edibles to each headman was spent in "snapping" and in being "snapped." It is well-known that an Indian dislikes to have a kodak pointed at him, and this was one of the things that was not allowed at the encampment; but for personal reasons I enjoyed that privilege on this particular day, and found that their dislike for the "little black devil" was because they did not understand its working. They were delighted with it when they could see



GERONIMO, THE CELEBRATED APACHE CHIEF.

their friends in the "finder," and they let me take all the pictures I cared for. Never in my life have I eaten so juicy a "cut" as was served me that day, and the absence of plates, knives, and other articles considered necessary by white people, added zest to the repast, especially as we could and did lick our fingers after having finished our dinner.

The climaxes of all the scenes were the sham battles and the review, especially the one for the President. For this occasion the Indians

decked themselves in their best, and their exaggerated taste for bright colors was not stinted. Beads, brass trinkets, and trappings of loudest hue; skins of animals, naked bodies painted with primary colors of red, yellow, and green; astonishing head-gear, tinkling bells, and little looking-glasses, constituted their apparel and fulfilled their ideas of full-dress. They marched in front of the President's stand in regular order as they were announced by tribes. Some chanted their songs as they came forward, some bowed low; some squaws kissed their hands to the President, and many of the bucks shouted their war-cries. The noted chiefs were announced separately, and came galloping up in fine style. When Geronimo came, he was dignity itself; he said afterward that he had proper respect for the "Great White Chief." Then there was an advance as a whole, a deep-voiced shout, and five hundred guns flashed forth a salute!

The battle? A hapless prisoner tied to a convenient electric-light post! A slow-burning fire; scouts skulking warily; then, with sudden shout, attacking the surprised foe. There was a swift fury of onslaught as blank cartridges were discharged, and there were riderless ponies running this way and that as their riders fell struggling and screaming, while their scalps were taken hastily by some more fortunate braves. The sight stirred all the savage instinct in both spectators and participants, till it was hard to distinguish red yells from white yells. It was sham, no doubt; but it was realistic enough to cause many a mother to clasp her child to her breast, while men who helped to settle the trans-Mississippi Country recalled days and nights when such scenes were not viewed from a grand-stand, but were actively engaged in for life or death. General Miles, General Greeley, and General Shafter could recall days of suspense when the Indians were "out;" and when Geronimo, the aged Apache chief whose ferocities curdled the blood of the whole nation not many years ago, came up to speak to his captor, General Miles, a deep realization of the meaning of the Peace Jubilee from an Indian standpoint was obtained.

Finally, when the ammunition was gone, and the dead and wounded had been miraculously restored to health, amid crowding savages,

United States soldiers and throngs of American citizens, with President McKinley standing by with uncovered head, Captain Mercer had the flag lowered as the band swelled forth the strains of "The Star Spangled Banner."

It was a scene never to be repeated. Who knows what great results this assemblage of Indians may effect in the minds of the American Indian? Respect, for, and admiration of, the wonderful accomplishments of the white race; an understanding of the value of education to their own children—this much, at least, has already resulted from the most notable Indian gathering of modern times.

And last, but not least, we ourselves may learn something of the Indians. We should know that they are not all bad; we must remember that generations of ignorance and wrong-doing must be overcome in educating them; and, saddest, though most truthful, of all, we must awaken to the fact that civilization by past and present methods is surely, and by no means slowly, killing the last of the only people who can rightfully be called Americans.

THE GRAVES OF WARRIORS.

Often, in the excavation for roads and buildings at various places throughout the Inland Empire, says the *Colfax (Wash.) Gazette*, the remains of long-ago inhabitants have been unearthed. But a few years ago, while excavating for the brick building of State Senator Carper on a principal street in the town of Farmington, the scrapers brought to light the remains of a dusky roamer of the plains. The body was in a crouching position, head up. The long, black hair was in a complete state of preservation, as black and sound as when consigned to the prairie grave in the days of Indian occupation. The bones crumbled to dust when exposed to the air, indicating that many years had elapsed since consignment to the rude grave.

Now comes the story from Starbuck of the rude disturbance of a great Indian cemetery near that place. The town has been excited for several days over the discovery. It is about 100 yards below old Grange City, at the mouth of the Tukanon. Ten graves have already been exposed. The men who are grading for the road down Snake River, Id., made this find, and a number of people from Starbuck have gone down to see it. The Indians are supposed to have been buried there during the Indian war, as everything found with them goes to prove. So far about ten bodies have been exhumed, and a number of other piles of rocks, such as mark the graves, are in sight. It is a superstition with Indians to kill their horses at the Indian's death and bury it with the owner, and with each of these bodies is found his horse, killed and buried with him.

In exhuming the bodies, one first comes to a lot of bark, which is decayed and easily torn away. Then comes the Indian—with his tomahawk, bow and arrow, numerous knives, a hatchet; and with one Indian was found about twelve feet of beads. It cannot be determined how all the Indians were killed, but one had his skull partially torn away by a bullet. Some Indian money was also found. Some of the Indians were lying doubled up instead of straight, and one grave was found to contain ashes and burned bone, as if the body had been cremated.

Another body seemed to be that of a child, as the skull was very small. In another of these graves the boys who were exhuming the bodies came to a halter-strap, and, following it, found it to be strapped around the backbone, as if it had been around the body. All the bodies are covered with about four feet of earth and four feet of rocks. One grave in particular seemed

to have an unusual amount of rocks and earth on it, and from the amount of precaution taken in this burial, it is thought to contain one of their leaders. The horse of this Indian was buried first. Only a few of the Indian's bones have been found under the horse, but it is thought, from appearances, that the body is farther down. The opinion prevails that, when they were first buried, only a small amount of earth covered them, as the soil had been blown around the rocks. The graves are situated under a big bluff, and the new railroad being built by the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company down the Snake River goes through the center of it.

DIFFERENT FORMS OF GOLD.

Naturally it might be supposed that there is only one kind of gold, and it is true that there is only one metal of that name; but it is found in many shapes, some of which are decidedly curious. For example, there is a moss gold, which is occasionally discovered in masses nearly a foot in diameter. If a bit of rock be thickly interlaced with gold veins, and the rocky substances be dissolved away, the metal is apt to be left behind in this strange form. What is called "wire gold" is formed in much the same manner. In the famous Cripple Creek region, gold often occurs in little crystals composing fern-like pieces. Once in a long while a gold crystal of considerable size, say half an inch in diameter, and a perfect octahedron, is picked up.

In the Snake River, Idaho, regular mining is done for "flour gold," so called because it occurs as a very fine powder mixed with the sands at the bottom of the stream. These sands are attacked by stern-wheel flatboats, which are floating dredges propelled by steam. The flatboat anchors in a suitable place, and the gravel is hauled aboard with buckets attached to an endless chain. The gold is caught on copper plates, with the aid of quicksilver, and the refuse is carried overboard by a stream of water.

The beach sands of the Oregon seacoast are quite rich in gold, which is very pure, though finely divided. There has been a good deal said lately about the gold in ordinary sea water, which actually does amount to a cent and a half per ton. But the water of the Caspian Sea, which is very salty, contains from sixteen to eighteen cents' worth of gold per ton, and it is there that the proposed works should be set up for the purpose of separating the yellow metal from its saline solution by electrolysis. Unfortunately, separation by this process is expensive, a powerful current being required.

The characteristic placer-gold of the Yukon takes the form of fine dust, with little bits of nuggets mixed. Experts confess that they do not know how nuggets are formed. The most plausible guess seems to be that they are accidental accumulations of grains of gold washed out of the rock.

A BATTLE ROYAL.

Two rivermen belonging to the Stonebreaker crew, according to the *Lewiston (Id.) Teller*, witnessed an exciting incident on the Clearwater River recently. As they rounded a bend just above the mouth of the North Fork, they observed the water being lashed into a foam. The splashing was equal to the commotion caused by a powerful engine turned loose. With the roar of water came a scream in a voice of despair from the concealing foam, which rolled ten feet high.

The men toiled on over the stony beach, towing their heavy boats. When they came within fifty feet of the strange commotion of water

the battle seemed to end, and only dancing bubbles marked the scene of disturbance. Two great bald eagles were sitting on the beach, with native pride subdued by water that dripped from bedraggled plumage. They watched the approaching men with savage glare, and reluctantly deserted their sentinel perches on the boulders. They moved, little by little, from rock to rock, till they were fifty feet above the river on a crag.

On the beach between the rocks, ten feet from the water, was a salmon, a monster of forty pounds. It struggled, and beat the rocks, and gasped, in the battle for breath. It was torn with the claws of the eagles. Its eyes were picked out, and it lay the prey of the cruel birds. The eagles had pounced upon the salmon as it cruised on the ripple. They had buried their claws in its back. Side by side, there were a dozen wounds. The fish had borne the birds to the bottom. But the fortunes of battle changed, and the eagles dragged the fish to the shoals; they dragged him inch by inch toward the shore—inch by inch, till they had him on the stony beach. Then the battle was won. The victors waited for the fish to beat out its own life on the rocks. They waited for their dinner, but the men robbed them. These desperate conflicts are not so infrequent as one might suppose. Sometimes the big fish navigate the waters in schools—thousands of them together, and it is not uncommon to see them leap from the water into the air—a fair mark for all birds of prey.

BE BRAVE.

If a freighted ship is tossed to and fro
By the billows that bear it along,
Then the winds and the storms are the tests, I trow,
To prove that the vessel is strong;

For a ship that sails on the wide, wide sea
Must go with the wind or the tide;
And if hurricanes fierce sweep over her lee,
She must sink, or the storm outride.

So man, as he sails on the ocean of life,
Mid its troubles and toils and care,
Must unfurl his sails, and enter the strife
With a hope that the winds will be fair.

But if storms arise, and the winds roll high,
And a wreck appears to be near,
He must watch the clouds in the angry sky,
And trust in his barque without fear.

For the storms of life never wreck a man
If his faith in himself be strong:
If honest, and true, and brave, he can
Arrive at a harbor e'er long.

So, brother, be brave as the sailors are brave;
There are storms on the land as on sea;
And wherever you sail on life's ocean wave,
There's a helm to be guided by thee.

St. Paul, Minn.

GEORGE W. DREW.

UNSOLVED.

Is death a sleep so calm and deep
That no one awakens ever?
Or will in light our souls take flight,
When mind and body sever?

Will we be blest with lasting rest,
Will sorrows cease to trouble?
Or will in toil, to gain more spoil,
Our efforts there be double?

Full oft I've sought, but all for naught—
The mystery grows deeper;
But I shall know, when buried low
By many a silent sleeper.

Spearfish, S. D.

MABEL CLAIRE LOUTHAN.

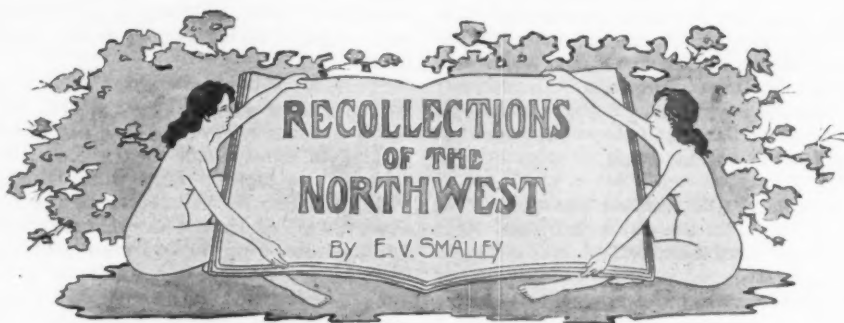
AS IT IS.

Light as the fingers of mist
Over the harp of night straying,
Is love, in the dawn of youth,
On the heart's chords playing.

Strong the sun in his golden light,
In the noon's mid-heaven turning,
So love, flooding life and light,
In the heart of manhood burning.

Dubuque, Ia.

MAUDE MERDEITH.



CHAPTER IX.

I spent two days in Lewiston, talking with the old settlers about the early history of that part of Idaho, the climate, and the productions of the country, keeping sedulously in the shade all the time on account of the ferocious heat. I think I never was in a hotter place than the Snake River Valley in July. I started westward by stage, going first down the canyon of the Snake, and then climbing up to the general level of the country along its southern side. This country was newly and very sparsely settled. There was here and there a wheat farm, but for the most part the rolling plain was in its native condition of bunch-grass and wild sunflowers. The farmers sacked their wheat, hauled it to the rim of the canyon in which the river ran, and then slid the sacks down a timber-slide to a steamboat lying below. The mercury was about 100 in the shade that day, but the air was so dry that the perspiration was evaporated from the face as fast as it appeared. I was the only stage passenger, but the driver was an entertaining fellow who had many funny stories to tell about the people who lived along the road, so the journey was not a lonesome one. We got dinner at a farmhouse, and reached the new village of Pomeroy early in the evening. The day's drive was memorable only for the heat and the dust. Pomeroy was a small place to which a branch of the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company's system was then being built, and the announcement that it would go no farther had been sufficient to cause a town to spring up and to make wild with envy and disappointment the settlers in another village called Pataha City, that stood three miles farther up the gulch. The terminus of the railroad was then at Dayton, and to that place I proceeded next day. Dayton was already a smart and well-built town, standing in the valley of the Touchet River. Immense poplars and cottonwoods stood along the streets, and the dooryards were full of flowers. I realized that I was now beginning to get into the civilization of the Pacific Coast. The local newspaper was well-printed and carefully edited, and had no "wild west" flavor about it.

On the day following I preferred to hire a team for the journey to Walla Walla rather than go by rail, believing that the country was sufficiently interesting to repay seeing it more carefully than could be done from a car window; and this proved to be correct, for I had now reached a belt of older settlement, and could judge better of the success of farming in this peculiar region than was possible in the newer districts farther east. The farmers were evidently getting to be well off by raising wheat and nothing else, and the explanation was the certainty and the largeness of the crop. The grain was just ripening, and the only fields that did not give good promise of forty bushels to the acre were those where a volunteer crop was growing. It was the custom to let a field lie

idle the year after it had been cropped, and the wheat that had shelled out of the heads during the harvest would produce a second crop which would generally yield twenty bushels to the acre. It did not seem to me to be a pleasant country, however, because of the long, hot summers, and the deep dust which covered all the roads. Fortunately, the wind was in our faces, so that the dust of our own vehicle was left behind; but every wagon that came towards us traveled in such a brown cloud that nothing could be seen of either driver or horses until they passed us. I thought better of the country when, about noon, we dropped down into a deep and narrow valley and came to a village, completely shaded with great trees, and saw orchards where pears, apples, cherries, and peaches were ripening, the dooryards being fragrant with roses. All this a little water had done in a dry region. The village was Waitsburg. It had churches and an academy, and the cozy little hotel provided a good dinner; so that the driver and I went on our way much refreshed after a two hours' rest.

Three or four hours more upon the dusty highway, and we were in Walla Walla, the city of all the region between the Snake River and the Blue Mountains—in appearance, however, a big country town, for every house had its lawn kept green by irrigation, and displayed thereon an amazing luxuriance of beautiful flowers; while in the back yards were orchards of the choicest fruit. It was the most inviting place for rest and comfort I had seen, and I liked it all the better after I had got the dust out of my clothes and off my skin, which it covered with a brown layer from head to feet. I spent most of the next day strolling about the shady streets and admiring the pretty homes and the beautiful flowers. Every familiar blossom of Eastern gardens was there, but every one of them seemed to attain a perfection and a beauty of color I had never seen before.

I met the editors of two daily papers,—Frank Parker and P. B. Johnson,—and they told me that the whole Walla Walla Country was dependent for the rainfall that made it habitable upon the Blue Mountains which rimmed it round on the south; that the winds from the Pacific Ocean did not drop all their moisture on the western slopes of the Cascades, but carried some of it on eastward until they were halted by the Blue Mountains, on whose slopes clouds were formed which were thrown back upon the lands near their base. They related, too, the short annals of the region—the early missionary settlement, the first wagon-train of immigrants piloted across the Rockies by the intrepid Whitman; the massacre of the missionaries and their families by the Indians; the first effort at farming, and the building of Doctor Baker's little narrow-gauge railroad down to the Columbia, which opened a market for wheat. I was entertained at the home of an old settler whose first wife had been an In-

dian squaw. He had a half-breed daughter, a pretty girl who possessed ladylike manners. She played the piano well, and talked brightly about the new literature in the magazines. I learned that she had been sent to Boston for her education. In New England, her Indian blood was probably looked upon as a distinction, but out on the Pacific Coast it was as much a stain as is a trace of negro blood in the South.

I was much interested in the peculiar climatic conditions of this interior region. I saw wheat-fields in almost all stages of growth; some were still of a vivid green, while others were ready for the headers. Farmers appeared to sow their grain at almost any time in the spring when they were ready, and the harvest, beginning the first of July, extended well into September. The rains fall abundantly in May and continue until near the end of June, when they cease entirely and not a drop comes until the middle of October; so that the threshing goes on at leisure, and the sacks of wheat are left lying in the fields until it is convenient for the farmers to haul them to the railroad stations, where they are piled upon platforms in the open air, there being no elevators. The wheat remains in the original sacks until it reaches the distant markets of Europe. There seems to be no winter, in the Minnesota sense of the word, in the Walla Walla Country. A little snow falls now and then, but there is seldom a low range of temperature. Plowing begins in February, and outdoor work of all kinds goes on throughout the winter months. So large and regular is the yield, that it was profitable to raise wheat in the old days when the price at the farm was only twenty-five cents a bushel.

From Walla Walla I went to the Dalles by rail, and thence by steamboat down the Columbia, making a portage around the Cascades rapids on a little narrow-gauge railroad. At Portland I was in a new realm of many surprises, of which I will tell in another chapter.

A WHISTLING WELL.

The Yakima (Wash.) *Herald* recently published the following interesting article on a whistling well owned in that country by a man named Leach, whose ranch is some forty-three miles east of town in the Moxee coulee.

Some years ago Mr. Leach settled upon 320 acres of wild sage-brush land in the Moxee on which was a flowing stream of water from adjacent springs. Crops were planted, and grain and fruit, when watered from the spring, grew with surprising luxuriance. Mr. Leach, with the aid of a farm hand, sunk a well for household purposes. After digging about twenty feet they discovered the remains of a prehistoric animal, a mastodon. When they had got down ninety-two feet they were greeted with strange and eerie noises, like the hissing of a flock of geese, accompanied by the sounds of falling water and the intermittent roar of the wind.

Not knowing how far they were from the infernal regions, the well-diggers refrained from further discovery, and Mr. Leach came to town and hired an expert well-digger, Mr. Herring, to go out to the ranch, fathom the mystery, and if possible complete the well-digging. Mr. Herring, undismayed by the weird and ghostly noises, finished the well, getting six feet of water at a depth of 109 feet. But the strange sounds continue, and the well has been abandoned to the evil spirits there, if such there be.

The Indians, on their annual fishing trips to the Columbia, hurry by on the other side of the road, with many misgivings and fears for their personal safety. The ground where the well was sunk is 575 feet nearer the lower regions than is the altitude of North Yakima.



Few Mortgages in Minnesota.

Labor Commissioner Powers has completed his report on foreclosures of mortgages in Minnesota, giving figures for twenty-three of the oldest farming counties in the State.

In these twenty-three counties the largest maximum of foreclosures was reached in 1881, and the minimum was reached in 1896. During the intervening period there was a steady decrease in the foreclosures of farm property. In 1880 and 1881 the number of instruments foreclosed was 1,499, representing in value \$1,873,371, covering an acreage of 172,287 acres. In 1896 and 1897 that number was reduced to 357 mortgages, representing \$464,133, covering 35,321 acres of farm property, just one-fourth the figures of eighteen years ago.

New Grasses and Forage Plants.

The Portland *Agriculturist* says that there is a great increase of interest in grasses and forage plants throughout the Northwest. Mr. Buell Lamberson reports that orders and inquiries for seeds of grasses are coming in at a wholly unprecedented rate. The seed of the Smooth Brome-grass, commonly called Austrian Brome grass (*Bromus inermis*), is most in demand.

The unusual drought-resisting qualities of this grass make it one of great promise for the country east of the Cascade Mountains. There is also a large call from that region for seed of the sand vetch, which is a forage plant of great drought-resisting power. In the Sound Country there is a large demand for rape-seed, and in Western Oregon there is a heavy call for the seed of the winter vetch, or tare, imported from Great Britain and thoroughly naturalized in the Willamette Valley. This great interest in the growth of grasses and forage plants is indicative of an advance to a higher grade of farming.

South Dakota Corn.

Farmers in the vicinity of Kimball, S. D., recently completed gathering the biggest corn crop ever raised there. Owing to its low price and the great quantities grown, many are using it for fuel, burning it in both cooking and heating-stoves, especially those living a long distance from market.

"Hauling a big load of corn twenty miles to market and returning with a small jag of coal bought therewith," writes a special correspondent, "makes the grower feel as though he was not paid for his labor. Corn makes a very hot fire, is clean to handle, and makes very little litter and ashes, all of which commends it for use as a fuel, although it does seem a pity to see the mammoth yellow ears put into the stove. In fact, corn makes so intense a heat that it burns out the stoves in a short time, which is its only drawback as a fuel.

"A history of the various kinds of fuel used by the settlers of this Western country, where wood is unattainable and coal is so expensive, would make a long story. In the very first years hay was most generally burned by the pioneers—hay 'twists.' These twists were

made about the size of an ordinary stick of stove-wood. To make them rapidly and of the proper tightness to burn—if made too loose they flicker away, and if too tight they will not burn—is in itself quite an art, and one which, once learned, is never forgotten. An old-timer will take a handful of long hay, give it a couple of turns and a twist, and throw out the twists with a rapidity that would astonish the beholder.

"Later came the hay-and straw-burner or boilers, being, as the name indicates, large sheet-iron boilers the size of an ordinary washing boiler, only about twice as deep. They were filled with hay or straw, tightly pressed in, and turned over the fireplace of the cook-stove. They gave a good heat, and as they would burn half an hour without refilling, were somewhat of an improvement on the twist.

"Drouth continued year after year, however, until it became a task to even furnish the hay, or straw, or other material to burn in the boilers. Then came the inventor, mothered by necessity, with the original idea of burning 'buffalo-chips,' variously called 'cow-chips,' 'prairie gasoline,' 'native coal,' etc."

Minnesota's Forest Wealth.

Gen. C. C. Andrews, chief forest warden of the State of Minnesota, speaking of the enormous natural wealth of forest inherited by the State, says:

"In Minnesota, during the past fifty years, fifty billion feet of pine, of the value of \$100,000,000, has been cut and marketed. The pine still standing is estimated at twenty to thirty billion feet; but there is much young pine coming on, which, if protected from fire, will become valuable for lumbering, and if steps are taken soon to utilize the waste non-agricultural land with forest, the lumber industry in this State can be perpetuated.

"The pine that is cut in Minnesota in a single season is worth, just as it stands, \$5,000,000; when brought to the mills and sawed into lumber its value is increased to \$10,000,000, of which \$4,000,000 represents labor. One of the peculiar advantages of this industry is that it gives employment to thousands of workmen during the winter months. In these modern times one of the best mills will saw 500,000 feet, board measure, in a day—enough lumber to make ten first-class houses. Logging railroads have become common. A pine that has been two hundred years growing, can be brought from the forest by railway, put into the boom, pulled, like an animal to slaughter, into the mill, be sawed, kiln-dried, matched, and be ready for use in the construction of a building in sixty hours.

"Timber consumption is steadily increasing. For the railroads in this State two million ties, many of them cedar, are annually required. There is a pulp-mill at Little Falls, and a new and larger one at Cloquet, which consume a great deal of spruce in making pulp for paper. There is one newspaper in New York which annually consumes 58,000,000 pounds of paper made of wood pulp, being stumpage of 8,000 acres, or twenty-seven acres a day. These and similar facts admonish thoughtful men of the importance of taking steps for forest regeneration.

"Forest will flourish on land that is too light, too sandy, too hilly or too rocky for agriculture. When timber is cut from such land it should be immediately replanted to forest. Forest, when young, should be crowded so as to promote height growth and yield long, clear stems. The forest should be treated as a permanent capital, and no more timber be cut in a series of years than the growth or increment of the forest for the same period. Lumbermen will tell you

that the growth of their timber equals the interest on the capital. It sometimes does more than that. Prevent forest fires, and our forests are a better investment than Government bonds.

"There are in our State probably two or three million acres of waste non-agricultural land on which no taxes will ever be paid, but which, if planted to forest, would yield a good net revenue on the capital. Such work, of course, would have to be undertaken by the State. Saxony, which surpasses all other countries in forest science, from 430,000 acres of State forest derives a net annual revenue of \$4.50 per acre. Even if we derived only a fifth part as much revenue from forest on our waste lands as Saxony does, it would leave us a profit of ninety cents per acre. In all these countries there is very much more forest belonging to private individuals than is held by the State, much of which is managed on forestry principles.

"There are indications of progress in forestry in this country. New York took the lead, in efforts to preserve a part of the Adirondack forest. Last year she expended a million dollars in purchasing some of that land. Maine, New Hampshire, and Pennsylvania also have forest commissions. Wisconsin has a forest commission which has prepared a plan of forest management to be submitted to the Legislature. In North Carolina George W. Vanderbilt has 80,000 acres of forest, and at Baltimore he has 8,000 acres being managed on forestry principles. It is significant that the President of the United States in his recent message, notwithstanding the engrossing topics relating to the war, finds some room for forestry. 'The Department of the Interior,' he says, 'has inaugurated a forest system for a graded force of officers in control of the reserves. This system has only been in full operation since August, but good results have already been secured. The reports received indicate that the system of patrol has not only prevented destructive fires from gaining headway, but has diminished the number of fires.'

"Considering the vast means of forest wealth which Minnesota possesses, it seems as though more should be done than has been done. We have, as you know, a law for the prevention of forest fires. This is one step, but only one in scientific forestry. This law ought to prove more effective from year to year; and I believe one way to make it more effective would be authority, such as the game and fish commission have, for employing counsel to prosecute offenders before justices of the peace.

"Secondly, the State should as soon as possible acquire possession of all the non-agricultural land it can, and begin to plant it to forest. Thirdly, the State should secure a tract of fine timber-land sufficient for a demonstration forest for the school of forestry in the university, similar to what New York has provided for its college for forestry at Cornell University. Nature has given our State climate and soil eminently adapted for valuable timber production. All that the people have to do is to furnish the will; and they should see to it that, in the column of States on this question, Minnesota shall not be found straggling in the rear."

Our Washington Holland.

On Orcas Island, San Juan County, Washington, an enthusiastic citizen, George Gibbs by name, has been experimenting in a very quiet and unassuming way during recent years in the growing of flower bulbs. It was my privilege, in company with genial companions from Fairhaven and New Whatcom, to visit this little bulb-ranch one cloudless day in the middle of August. We took the precaution to carry our light overcoats along; and it was well that

we did so, for before the breakfast hour arrived our coats felt very comfortable as we stood on deck taking in the unique and as yet little-known natural beauties of Puget Sound.

Have you sailed upon a crystal channel with islands on either side—with bold and rocky shore, or shelving beach, or narrow valley, or lofty mountain-dome several thousand feet above the sea? Here and there nestled a cozy little home in some narrow recess between great hills. The fir-trees rose up tall and grand beside these homes and behind them, to shield them from the storms. These homes looked out upon some arm of the ocean—across upon some island with other little fruit-ranch homes upon it, or upon some mountain-top looking toward the sky. The waters around are nearly always calm, so land-locked are those seas; and they were so pure that one could see the gravel-bed far down below the surface of the sea. We were in an archipelago where trees were always green, and where beauty, like the mountains, is imperishable and has upon it the stamp of un-

cultivated and cared for by Mr. Gibbs. Here it is that he is carrying on his pioneer work of bulb-growing. I say pioneer work, for it is questionable if another man on the Pacific Coast has embarked in the same line of work. He has imported bulbs from Holland of various kinds, and finds that in a few years the improvement in the size and blossoming qualities of the bulbs is such that they are advanced many stages toward higher development.

The English and the Spanish iris he has succeeded in bringing to a wonderful perfection. His crocus bulbs are in four colors. He has thirty named and seventy unnamed varieties of tulips. Of the gladiolus he has thirty-five varieties, and of other kinds, rare and beautiful, he has many varieties. But it is not of varieties that I wish to speak so much as of the improvement effected in the size and quality of bulbs when grown on Puget Sound soil. For instance, tulip bulbs imported from Holland and planted in this nursery, never bring more than one blossom. Of 5,050 imported and

These are astonishing results, but they are only in keeping with the general productive character of the land. In the same garden we saw a Wagner apple-tree, only two years set out, that had on it seventy-three well-grown apples. Twenty beautiful Bartlett pears were counted on a standard tree but two years planted; and so of other trees. Mr. Gibbs attributes this great productiveness in plants and trees to the properties of the soil, but more to the beautiful character of the climate. During some winters it almost forgets to snow. As soon as the fall rains come in, in September and October, many plants seem to take it for granted that spring has come, and they grow on and on all winter. Crocus flowers begin to show in January, and other flowers proportionately early. Yet this soil, with all its goodness, is wonderfully responsive to manure. Several young apple-trees were pointed out to us at the base of which two dog-fish had been buried, one on either side. Without exception, they grew with great luxuriance over these



THE MASSIVE STATE NORMAL SCHOOL AT ST. CLOUD, MINN.

St. Cloud, the county seat of Stearns County, is seventy-five miles north of St. Paul and lies on both the east and the west banks of the Mississippi River. It has excellent railway facilities, is one of the loveliest towns of ten thousand inhabitants in the State, and is noted for its culture and enterprise. The school is situated on a high bluff overlooking the river. It was established in 1869, is modern in every respect, and has graduated 864 students whose life-work will in most instances be teaching. Every department of public-school work is represented, including laboratories, botany, zoology, physiology, history, social sciences, etc. The library contains several thousand volumes of standard works, and there are ample supplies of the best books of reference, dictionaries, encyclopedias, gazetteers, and text books. Minnesota is justly proud of her fine normal schools.

changing freshness. Amid such surroundings, we were in no way anxious to hear the whistle sound the call that Orcas was near.

Not far from the landing is a valley not more, perhaps, than forty acres in extent. It was shaped somewhat like a basin. The hills rose to defend it from the winds on every side, and, as though to make the defense the more complete, they had covered themselves with stately firs. The waters that fall upon their rocky sides run gently to the base, for violent storms are unknown in Orcas. The water thus collected seeps toward the center of the valley, and affords subterranean irrigation to the plants that grow upon the tillable portion of the land. The way leading to this valley is up a somewhat narrow draw, of which there are many in Orcas Island; and on either hand it is lined with ferns (amid trees) as tall, or nearly as tall, as a man. One half of the valley is

planted last year, he has not noticed more than one blossom on any single plant. On bulbs of the fifth year from the importation he has grown many bulbs with five blossoms to a bulb, and but few with a less number than two blossoms; and so of all other kinds of bloom.

And the increase of the bulbs is no less remarkable than their increase in size and in blossoming power. From one hyacinth bulb an increase of fifty-five bulbs was obtained in two years. One home-grown tulip, planted last fall, and dug up in our presence, had increased to seven, and three in the seven had those bulged corners which indicate several blossoms. Of red peonies as many as thirty have been dug up from one bulb. The Lillium Wallacei (Japan) has increased in two years from one bulb to upwards of 2,000, and the average increase on all the bulbs grown for the past five years has been 1,075 per cent.

graves of the dog-fish. It would seem an excellent plan to turn the whole orchard into a burial-ground for dog-fish. The big lubbers weigh several pounds each, and in the winter season they can be bought for two or three cents apiece.

Mr. Gibbs is also experimenting in growing filberts. His filbert trees are growing very luxuriantly, and he is multiplying them by transplanting suckers. It is a great, grand work that he is doing, both for the horticulture and floriculture of the United States, and he should be encouraged in it. Holland, for long decades, has been virtually without a rival in bulb-growing. It will be a great matter if it should be demonstrated that our own land can lead in this line of production also; and nothing less than that would seem to be the outcome of Mr. Gibbs' experiment.—Fairhaven (Wash.) World-Herald.

ALONG THE SAINT PAUL & DULUTH RAILWAY IN MINNESOTA AND WISCONSIN.

By R. G. Solis.

The early development of that great stretch of territory between St. Paul and the head of the lakes must be ascribed almost entirely to the building of the St. Paul & Duluth Railway. When the construction of this road was undertaken, many pessimistic wiseacres predicted all kinds of financial disaster for the enterprise, and the outlook to small minds was full of gloom; but the broad, far-seeing men who planned, promoted and successfully built a railroad between the Twin Cities and Duluth have long since been credited with that large measure of sagacity which enabled them to foresee, as it were, the end from the beginning. It did not require so much foresight to see an immediate revenue from the great forests of pine through which the road ran, but it needed more than ordinary acumen to see the traffic on the lakes grow to the enormous proportions of the present, and to see the lands denuded of the pine and converted into handsome, cultivated farms.

In looking over this portion of Northern Minnesota with a view to ascertaining what progress had been made in the settlement of the country in the past few years, I stopped at a few of the large places, and was astonished at the substantial growth that was visible everywhere. The first town on my way north was Rush City, fifty-four miles from St. Paul. It is a clean, smart, thrifty-looking village of about twelve hundred population, and is apparently well equipped with modern conveniences and all the business and social advantages of much more pretentious places. It certainly has more than its share of good hotels. Two large flour-mills, a feed-mill, two creameries or pasteurizing plants, a brewery, a foundry, a brick-yard, a wagon-factory, and plow-works constitute the manufacturing interests of the town, while the mercantile features are well looked after by unusually large general stores and by one of the oldest banks in this section. The field is abundantly furnished with newspapers, churches, and excellent school facilities, the latter now being augmented by a splendid school building which cost \$12,000 dollars.

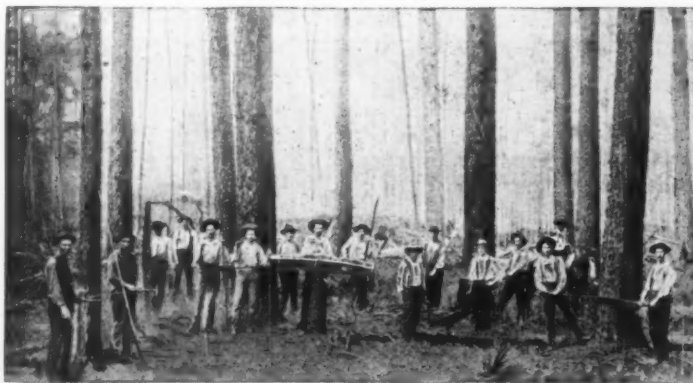
While this region is old, in some respects, and pretty well settled, and land pretty high, yet there is some wild land that can be had

reasonably, and partially improved lands within moderate distances of town are held at fair prices. As to the continued productiveness of the soil, I think there is now no doubt; and the crops usually grown here are fair evidences of its fertility. As to the best crops for this country, I quote from a pamphlet dealing with the soil by a local enthusiast who replies to that question as follows:

"We might well say that you can raise anything except bananas and peaches, and we are not yet sure that the latter cannot be grown here. The principal crops raised have been wheat, oats, rye, barley, corn, and beans, all of which do well. But it has been found that po-

burg. This handsome little town lies over in Wisconsin, and it is reached only by a branch of the St. Paul & Duluth, which leaves Rush City and runs easterly till the St. Croix River is crossed, then assumes a northeasterly course and runs along the edge of the St. Croix Valley until it comes to the town. When you step out of the depot and gaze up the main street, you are immediately impressed with the location. The streets are broad, clean, well built, and many indications of business solidity and domestic comfort are to be seen. Although an old-settled place, the town has somewhat of a new appearance—created, no doubt, by the new store buildings along the main street. The population is about 800. Manufacturing is confined to a flour-mill, starch factory, saw-mill, and a sash-and-door plant, although four creameries are scattered throughout the country adjacent to the town.

On the west side of the town, along the St. Croix River, one is led to believe that the soil



MAKING WAY FOR FARMERS ALONG THE ST. PAUL & DULUTH RAILWAY.

tatoes, apples, grapes, strawberries, celery and the products of market gardening generally, can be profitably raised. Timothy and clover thrive here, and honey is a good crop."

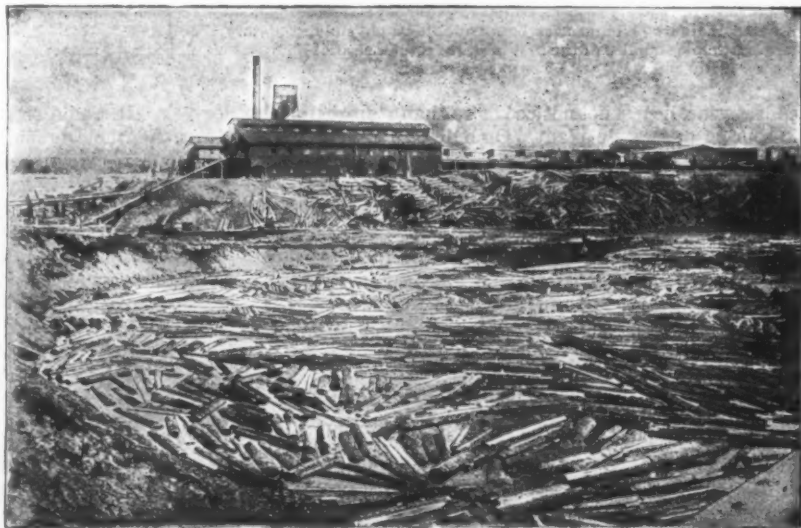
In the same connection he says: "The lands have been settled by actual settlers upon homesteads or railroad lands at moderate prices in small tracts of forty to 160 acres—usually in the smaller pieces. Thus the settlement comprises more people; and each tract, the better tilled thereby, yields the greater product." These statements were verified in a measure by myself, and I was delighted with the evidences of thrift and comfort witnessed by me throughout the country.

From Rush City I took the train to Grants-

burg around Grantsburg is absolutely worthless, but this is a grave mistake. While a broad strip of almost worthless sandy land lies along and back from the river some distance, the town has a large, rich agricultural district east of it, and a few blocks away from the main street the sand belt is left behind and one enters a charming country full of prosperous and happy homes. The soil here is rich, black, sandy loam with a retentive clay subsoil. It is marvelously fertile, especially in potatoes, cereals, and grasses. There is considerable good wild land yet in this country, and prices are quite reasonable. Improved farms, some distance from town, can be had at moderate figures. The sandy land along the river can be bought very cheap, but, except for range purposes, it is not very attractive for general farming.

There is no room for any new business venture in Grantsburg in a mercantile way. It is already provided with a strong line of business houses. The village is an attractive place, and presents a pleasing effect from its site on a gradual slope among primitive pines and norways.

My next stop was Pine City, an ambitious, prosperous place on the Minnesota side of the line, and the judicial seat of Pine County. It appears that the name of this county is due to the large bodies of splendid pine which once stood at various places in this region, but it is wrong to suppose that this whole county abounded in pine; on the contrary, over two-thirds of it was covered with fine growths of maple, oak, ash, elm, hickory, birch, linden, and other hard woods. The marshes and swamps abounded in tamarack, spruce, and cedar. This county was the scene of the earliest lumbering operations in the St. Croix Valley, and is now pretty well stripped of commercial pine. Settlement was rather tardy, and it required



CONVERTING TIMBER INTO LUMBER AT ONE OF THE BIG SAW-MILLS.

many convincing object lessons to induce settlers to come here; but those who came a few years ago are now well situated—with comfortable homes and independent livings.

The remarkable water distribution of the county will be realized at once when it is known that it contains nearly a million acres of land and about 16,000 acres of water surface. This fact is of the utmost importance to settlers, as it will be difficult for them to get a piece of land where they will not have access to some little creek or lake. There is no general uniformity of soil throughout the county, yet there are only a few counties of this size in the West that can show so little waste land. The soil may be classed as a brown clay loam with an admixture of fine sand, which adds a speedy productive quality. The subsoil, which is very deep, is a brown, retentive clay. The top-soil in many sections is a black, vegetable loam, but it varies a good deal according to the locality. There are many natural meadows in the county—the beds of burnt-over or dried-up lakes; and many swamps and marshes, that were originally without an outlet, are now most desirable for grass lands. Nearly all the lumber-camps of this region were once supplied with hay gathered from these sources.

The principal crops are wheat, which runs about twenty-six bushels to the acre; oats, about fifty bushels to the acre; rye, twenty-four bushels to the acre; corn, forty-five bushels to the acre; potatoes, about 175 bushels to the acre; buckwheat, twenty-five bushels, and beans, twenty-three bushels to the acre. In many cases these would be low averages. The county still has lots of Government land and plenty of cheap railroad lands contiguous to transportation and well-built towns.

Besides the agricultural resources, the timber interests continue to be of vast proportions. The fifteen saw-mills in the county manufacture over 75,000,000 feet of pine and 5,000,000 feet of hardwood every year, and fully 125,000,000 feet of logs are driven out of the county every season and cut at other points down the river. Next to this great industry comes the sandstone on the Kettle River at Sandstone. This is indeed a young industry, but one that is making wonderful strides in public favor.

All this section offers splendid opportunities for diversified farming, dairying, or stock-raising. Pine City is situated where the railroad crosses the Snake River in an elbow made by Cross Lake opposite where it runs out like a huge appendix of the Snake. The town has many laudable aspirations, and I believe that many of them will be realized. The fine water-power now tumbling about in a wild state ought to be harnessed to money-making manufacturing plants, which could be successfully conducted here. The manufacturing enterprises at Pine City now are a large flour-and-feed-mill, two saw-mills, a brewery, and other little industries of more or less importance. The place is well provided with all business lines that a town of this size can support, and school and church facilities are good. Fishing and hunting are first-rate, and a large, comfortable hotel is one of the really strong and attractive features.

My next move was to Sandstone, also in Pine County, a place that is bound to become famous because of the unrivaled building material quarried there. There is an inexhaustible sup-

ply of this stone, and its development has barely begun. The stone is a light brown or buff sandstone, and is exposed for several miles on both sides of the Kettle River. In some places, especially at Sandstone, it has a sheer face of nearly one hundred feet, making it possible to get out any size block that may be demanded. This stone is now a great factor in all the building operations in the Northwest; and as its merits become better known it will find a ready market in fields now inaccessible. The amount of employment afforded here in quarrying and stone-cutting is very large, varying from two hundred to four hundred men, at good wages. This pay-roll, added to the income from railroad sources and the revenue derived from farming, makes Sandstone a permanently prosperous place. The country around the town is thinly populated, a fact which I cannot account for. The soil is good, the land is cheap, and those patches that are cultivated show the utmost fertility. Cereals, grasses, and potatoes are as successful here as in any part of the county, and I cannot see why the land should not be rapidly occupied. The local demand for poultry, butter, eggs, beef, and vegetables is very large and is now supplied by outside points. Besides this, the ever increasing market at Duluth, Superior, and other lake towns should induce the early settlement of this part of the county. The

no great progress has been made in development work, the commercial aspect of the deposit is yet undecided. Although an attempt to prove its quality was made some time ago, it failed through inexperience and lack of means.

The agricultural side of this section has made more growth than was thought possible ten or twelve years ago. The manager of one of the large saw-mills told me that twelve years ago "everything that was consumed by man or beast in this community, except water, was imported, but now the local production furnishes more than enough of edibles for man and beast." The land tributary to Cloquet, for some inexplicable reason, is quite dear, although it is not more than usually attractive. It is quite productive, but with the big demand for farm stuffs in the home market, and the great call for everything a farmer can raise in the towns along the iron sections of the Mesaba and Vermilion ranges, it makes an excellent location for settlers with lots of energy and some means. Hay, grain, berries, and all kinds of vegetables thrive in this vicinity, and as evidence of the number of people to be fed, I will say that the amount of lumber cut here in an average year, as shown by a local paper, is 150,000,000 feet; and, from what I can learn, the mills can be kept going for the next forty years. This is very encouraging to the farmer. As a local man put it, "A well cultivated twenty-acre patch here should produce more net income than 160 acres 200 or 300 miles away from the great markets of this territory."

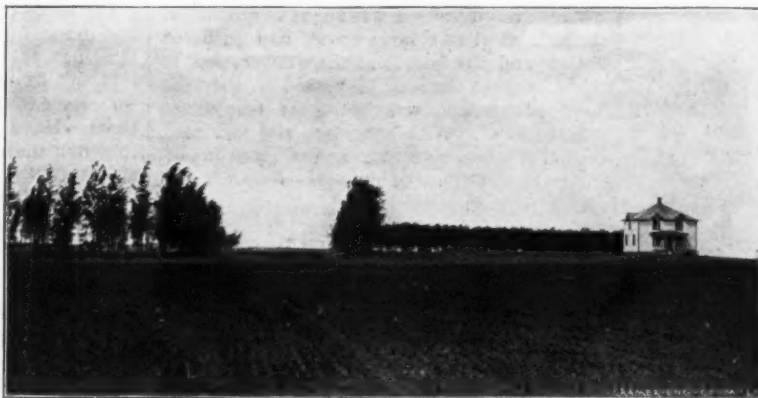
Another great attraction is the town itself. Very few places can display the municipal and private enterprise that is shown here. Well-kept streets, electric lights, water-works, graded schools, fine churches, and all other modern conveniences are in operation. The school system of Cloquet, as a matter of fact, deserves more than ordinary praise for its high standard of excellence. The population of the town is about four thousand, and there is an ample supply of all lines of mercantile houses.

A new municipal departure is noticeable in Cloquet that appears satisfactory to all concerned—the saloons are all segregated from the business portion of the town, and confined to a row about two blocks away, to reach which one has to cross two lines of railway and a bridge, so that one cannot quench his thirst here with the ease and convenience that is usually possible in lumber-towns. Social life must be very attractive, judging from the large number of intellectually clever business people I had the pleasure of meeting.

WINTER SPORT IN OREGON.

One great winter sport in some parts of Oregon is rabbit-hunting when the prairies are covered with a foot or so of snow. The rabbits take refuge in badger holes, but leave enough of their heads sticking out to make good targets. They are so plentiful that the law permits their destruction at all times.

When the bunch-grass dries on the pastures in the summer, the jacks descend on the grain- or alfalfa-fields and vegetable gardens, and create considerable havoc. Farmers and stockmen coming into the various Oregon Railway & Navigation Company's stations on their sleds, pop over what rabbits they can reach from the road, and get credit for them at the rate of about ten cents each in the stores.



ALONG THE ST. PAUL & DULUTH RAILWAY.

town offers many other advantages in the way of schools and churches, a fine, healthful location, and a progressive set of business men who are willing to co-operate in any direction to make the settlement of the country around Sandstone a complete success.

I went from Sandstone to Cloquet, and was much surprised at the vigorous growth of that town in the past few years. I think that an unjust conception prevails regarding the resources of Cloquet. I once considered it a saw-mill town—with few years of active business life, and then hosts of empty, tumble-down buildings, huge piles of slabs and saw-dust, a few lingering inhabitants, and its glory as a business place departed forever; but this idea is absolutely wrong and entirely at variance with the real conditions. On the contrary, it is a place of more than ordinary prosperity, its growth has been rapid and substantial, and its permanency is positive. The saw-mills and lumbering operations go a great way toward supporting the town, but they are not all. Other resources are now being recognized. The abundant paper-making material of this region has found recognition in the establishment at Cloquet of one of the largest paper-making plants in the Northwest. Kindred plants are sure to follow as soon as the present one demonstrates its success. Considerable might be written about the slate resources here, but as



She was Overcome.

The Omaha (Neb.) *World-Herald* says that a Boston girl who recently witnessed an Indian sham-battle in the West thought she would try to talk to a young Indian brave sitting next to her, and she began, in a patronizing tone, as follows:

"Heap much fight."

The Indian smiled a stoical smile, drew his blanket more about his stalwart form, and replied:

"Yes; this is indeed a great exposition, and we flatter ourselves that our portion of the entertainment is by no means the least attraction here. May I ask who it is that I have the honor of addressing?"

The Boston girl blushed and fled—thunder-struck. She had run across one of the Carlisle Indian School graduates.

An Eccentric Collector.

The Minneapolis *Journal* says that a necklace made of rattlesnake fangs and legs of centipedes is one of the curiosities in a novel and varied collection made by Dennis Hannifin, organizer and president of the North Dakota Suicide Club. Hannifin got it from an Indian in the Bad Lands. He has embellished it, and will hang it on the wall of the club-room at Minot, N. D.

He brought it to Minneapolis to have it "made more vivid," as he expressed it when displaying it to a group of admiring people. By the use of sulphuric acid, the fangs were ivory-white and the legs a translucent yellow. In the hollow parts of the fangs and legs scarlet and blue minerals were injected. The tints show through.

Hannifin has a great collection of newspaper clippings and pictures, chiefly of people who have committed suicide. He has made such a collection a fad for years, and has the finest collection of the kind in the country.

Introduction by Telephone.

A friend of mine told me a few days ago about a rather peculiar way in which he was recently introduced to a young woman of St. Paul. He was in the saintly city and called on a young woman friend of his that worked in the telephone exchange at night. The young woman friend told him that she had a friend that had seen the man in question, and wished to meet him. The telephone girl promised to arrange an introduction at the earliest opportunity.

That night my friend called up his friend in the telephone office, and had a little chat by wire with her. The telephone girl suddenly said:

"Say, you know that girl I was speaking about today?"

"Yes," said my friend.

"Well, her people have a 'phone, and I'll introduce you by wire. It will break the ice, anyway, and you can call," said the telephone girl.

My friend was struck with the novelty of the affair, and waited. Pretty soon he could hear a sweet voice say:

"Hello!"

"Hello," said central. "Is that you, Kitty?"

"Yes," said the sweet voice. "Is this Clara?"

"Yes," said Clara. "I want to introduce you by wire to Mr. So-and-So."

Then the introduction took place. Central said:

"Miss Blank, this is Mr. So-and-So."

Both of the people introduced declared their extreme pleasure, and, as central had promised, the ice was broken and a call was made next day. It is not unlikely that the affair may end in a romance.—*Duluth (Minn.) News Tribune*.

A Peculiar Sign.

There are queer signs displayed in every city, and Grand Rapids has its share; but the palm is yielded to the following, which has drifted in from the Far East.

Mrs. Marshall, an indigent widow, went into the laundry business on a small scale. She painted a sign on the window, but, one pane of glass not being sufficiently large, part of the sign was painted on each side of the center-rail on the sash. It read as follows.

Not
Mrs. Marshall
Laundress
All work punctually
done
Commence work at 7 o'clock
See specimens in this window.

That evening, as she was about to quit work, she noticed that a large crowd had gathered outside and was staring at the window, and, as it increased as the minutes passed by, she went outside to see what was the matter. One glance was sufficient. With a screech she fled back into the house, and, seizing the paint-brush, she quickly obliterated the sign.—*Grand Rapids (Minn.) Herald*.

Cast Away in Alaska.

Jack Schmidt, the Skagway hermit, hunter, and prospector, has had a Robinson Crusoe experience that seldom comes to men in real life. For nineteen days he managed to exist on rocky Chilcat Island, where he had been washed up by the terrible storm which so nearly destroyed the steamer Utopia and sent the little Detroit to the bottom.

A few birds and a land otter were his only provisions. He was rescued when half dead by the little steamer City of Olympia, and, on recovery, he became mate of the boat that saved him.

The Seattle (Wash.) *Times* says that Schmidt left Skagway November 17 in a Columbia River fishing-boat bound for Juneau. He had made about twenty miles, when a terrible gale occurred. His rudder was washed away, and the wind swept him down on the rock-ribbed shores of Chilcat Island. His boat was doomed, but Schmidt, an old-time seaman, was determined to save his life. As the waves took his boat over the first reef, he jumped overboard, holding his rifle above his head. Swimming with it well out of water he soon reached shore. The boat was dashed to pieces against the rocks.

He had matches in a water-tight case, and managed to build a fire. For two days he kept distress signals flying, and he felt sure of rescue when the steamer City of Astoria passed within 400 yards of him. He was not seen, however, and the boat went on.

Chilcat Island has always been deserted by the Indians, and game is very scarce. He managed to shoot an eagle, on his second day on the island, and ate it raw. His blankets washed on the beach, and he was able to protect himself slightly against the cold wind. For the remaining seventeen days he lived on two sea-gulls, four bluebirds and a twenty-

pound land otter, all of which fell victims to his rifle.

About three o'clock one Monday afternoon he noticed a little steamer puffing along about a mile off shore. He ran up and down the beach shouting loudly. The Alaskan darkness was already beginning to settle down, and Schmidt had about given up hope of being rescued when the steamer, which proved to be City of Olympia, put about and headed for shore. He was taken on board and given the first bread food he had eaten in nineteen days. Only his remarkable constitution and acquaintance with hardship saved him from death.

In a Matrimonial Fix.

"Too late to issue a marriage license?" asked a caller at the clerk of the court's office, about 4:30 one Saturday afternoon.

Clerk Kennedy's cherubic countenance smiled benevolently, scenting a romance, and his glasses gleamed with pleasure over the prospect of adding \$2 more to the day's cash business.

"Too late? Oh, no. Got a man outside? Bring him in."

After a few minutes' interval, during which the imagination of the spectators had conjured up a scene by an intending bridegroom too modest to ask for the license, the caller returned with a man of perhaps thirty-five, and not at all of the bashful sort.

The usual preliminary questions were asked and it was found that the bride-to-be lives in Hastings, this State.

"Can't fix you out," said Kennedy. "Guess we'll have to send the business over to Superior. Sorry. Have to get the license in the county in which the bride lives, unless she lives outside the State."

The twain left, the groom rather outspokenly disgusted for a bashful man.

"Say!" said the bashful man, poking his head in again; "Hastings is in Wisconsin."

"No; sorry 't ain't," answered the clerk of rounded periods.

"What Hastings's just east of St. Paul?"

"Hastings just east of St. Paul is in Minnesota. Sorry we can't move it across the river."

"Can't you make it read 'Wisconsin'?"

"Not with this pair of glasses. Sorry. Guess you'll have to go to Superior. Sorry."

"Well, if you're sure you can't fix it, I guess we shall."

"Good day. Sorry."—*Duluth (Minn.) News-Tribune*.

The Other Fellow was Disgusted.

The boys tell a good story on Barnes of the Deering Agricultural Implement Company. Last summer he was sent to Carrington, N. D., to help Agent Doughty and some specials boost the Deering harvesters. Trade was dull, and everybody was blue. To add to the tough luck, a large number left the city on the Fourth of July to spend the day at Jamestown. About noon the McCormick agent came over to the Deering office and suggested that a collection should be taken up to get some fireworks.

Barnes was delegated to do the "touch" act, and succeeded in raising \$58. He bought all the fireworks in town, and still had \$8 left. With this he bought six kegs of beer.

Along in the afternoon, the farmers began to drift in. Everybody was told to help themselves to the beer. Some of the farmers began to get a trifle hilarious, and, as the beer was running low, Barnes and Doughty got two more kegs. Then Doughty circulated the report that Barnes had purchased all the beer. Well, the farmers thought he was about the most liberal guy in the country and began to tell him how much they thought of the Deer-

ing, and promised to come around the next day and buy machines.

That night the fireworks were set off, and there was all kinds of fun. Next morning the agriculturists began to come into the Deering office, and Barnes remained a week, during which time he sold twenty-two machines.

Up at Carrington the farmers still believe he put up the coin for the beer and fireworks out of his private purse, and they write down that the Deering must send him up next summer, as they want more—machines.—*Fargo (N. D.) Forum.*

Just a Dash of Bitters.

There was silence for a moment.

Presently she spoke, and the tone of voice she selected to use was tremulous and pleading.

"George, dearest, do—do you ever drink?"

Reluctantly he admitted that there were occasions when he glanced carelessly upon the wine when it was ready.

"Ah! dearest," she continued, with anxiety depicted on her lovely features; "what do you suppose pa would say if he should discover that his only daughter's future husband drank?"

"He discovered it yesterday afternoon," responded George, with some of the same old reluctance.

"Oh, and what did he say?" she inquired, breathlessly.

"He said"—the manly young fellow's voice trembled—"he said, 'Well, George, my boy, I don't care if I do. Mine's the same, with just a dash of bitters.'"

There was silence for a moment—possibly two moments.—*Walla Walla (Wash.) Statesman.*

There was Silence.

Four young men were sitting in a stall at Weix's restaurant. Their flashy clothes and loud manners told that they belonged to that class who liked to be considered "fast." They were ordering freely from the bill of fare, and making a great show of an occasional bottle of cheap wine which was brought to them.

Perhaps it was the too free indulgence in this which made them forget their manners and make loud comments upon a quiet, unobtrusive elderly gentleman who came in, sat down at a table near the cashier's desk, and ordered a ham sandwich and a glass of beer.

"Too bad there's no free-lunch near," said one in tones which could not fail being heard at the next table.

"Yes; he wouldn't have to pay more than five cents then," said another of the would-be sports.

"Now, I don't suppose he's got more than fifteen," said a third; "that'll leave him just five cents for car fare."

"Oh, I don't know," said the fourth. "He may get real extravagant and order another beer. Then he'll have to walk home, won't he?"

The elderly gentleman apparently paid no attention to the flow of remarks like these, until he had finished his beer and his sandwich. Then he called the waiter.

"Bring me a quart bottle of champagne," he said, "extra dry."

The waiter obeyed. The quartet looked on with interest as they saw the large bottle coming in a pail of ice.

"The old boy's getting gay," sneered one. "He thinks he can get champagne for his other nickle."

"Pour that into a finger-bowl," ordered the quiet gentleman to the waiter.

This was done. The butt of so much ridicule coolly dipped his fingers in the sparkling wine, wiped off his mustache, pulled out a roll of bills

of large denominations which was as big as two fists, peeled off one which bore the figure five, and handed it to the waiter.

"Keep the change," he said, "and take this finger-bowl to those little boys at that table in the stall. They might like to learn how to use it."

There was silence as he walked out, quiet and unobtrusive as ever.—*Tacoma (Wash.) Ledger.*

Placer Bed of a Miner Hermit.

It is often remarked in every-day life that truth is stranger than fiction, and facts and circumstances often prove it to be so, says a Bozeman, Mont., correspondent of the *Minneapolis Journal*:

During the last few weeks Bozeman has had a visitor whose personal appearance is suggestive of "Rip Van Winkle." This interesting man is about six feet tall, with long, flowing

pose of vindicating his right to use the waters of Norwegian Creek, with which he has irrigated and mined for many years past, that this old gentleman came to town and was forced to remain until the other day. He lives his simple life in his log-cabin, in Norwegian Gulch.

During the spring and early summer months he mines on his placer claim, or does a little ranching, as suits his whim. He owns a placer mine which is very rich, and if it were worked to anything like its full capacity it would yield untold wealth of bright, sparkling gold. But wealth is not what this modern Rip Van Winkle desires; all he wants is sufficient to bring him in a comfortable living and what comforts he needs or desires during the sunset days of his life.

When the weather is suitable and clear, and warm enough, he goes out to his placer claim and washes for gold; and when he gets sufficient



IN THE MOUNTAINS OF WASHINGTON.

The illustration shows a party of explorers in the act of fording one of the mountain streams in the Baker Range in Whatcom County, Wash. The towering summit of Mount Root is seen in the distance.

milk-white hair, and a beard over two feet and a half in length, white as the driven snow now lying so deep on the many peaks of the Rocky Mountains, amid whose storm-ridden valleys and hills he has passed the greater portion of his years. Although his hair and beard are white and long, and denote the owner to be well on toward three-score years and ten, yet his walk and carriage tell that the greater part of those years have been spent in healthful outdoor life; while his high forehead and aquiline features are indicative of firmness and decided action, with strength of will power.

This old man, a Mr. Hough, is from that part of Montana called Norwegian, a section of the country well known to mining men throughout the length and breadth of the State. It is situated on the borders of the counties of Gallatin and Madison, on Norwegian Creek, a branch of Willow Creek. It was for the pur-

pose of the golden grains, he lays down his implements of labor and turns his attention to other matters.

Before he begins his mining, however, he figures out how much dust it will take to run him through the current year (and experience in past years has given the exact weight desired), and, as above stated, gathers in his annual "dividend" and weighs it. If he has not enough, he returns to work until the required amount is secured. Should he by chance, however, get a little too much of the filthy lucre, he throws the overplus back into the embrace of Mother Earth once more, as he considers her a better banker than those who dwell in human structures of iron, brick, or stone; and he knows that she will not leave, as modern cashiers sometimes do, for parts unknown without leaving any address for loving and unloving friends.

HOW FIRDY WENT HOME.

A Simple Story of the Wisconsin Forests.

By Mary Alden Carver.

To the fascinating region of the Menomonic, or Red Cedar River, in Northern Wisconsin, the swiftly-passing decades have brought many marvelous changes. The sylvan districts which were at one time the chief glory of this picturesque locality, have yielded to the inevitable and disappeared before the inordinate havoc wrought by the invincible woodsman, or have fallen an easy prey to the fatal, well-directed blows of the ax in the hands of the sturdy pioneer. Only a few desolate trees still stand as mute testimonials of the territory once luxuriantly crowned with vast forests, ere the helpless legions of pine were mercilessly slaughtered by the "lumber-king."

Those were jolly, rioting times—those winters when the timber was being removed from the land. But gradually the giants of the forest were floated away upon the currents of the unresisting rivers, until at length they found resting-places in the lumber-yards of miniature cities.

There are numerous legendary tales scattered promiscuously over the area once shaded by the sublime forests; for those "pine-slashings" have buried in their bosoms many memories of incidents occurring in the old logging-camps. What an incalculable amount of wealth and enjoyment was bound up within the uncertain shadows of those woodlands!

Along the upper waters of the Red Cedar River, beside the shores of Red Cedar Lake, one may still discern many traces and ruins of what were at one time camps and "roll-ways." Here, for several consecutive winters in the long ago, one camp was in operation under the foremanship of Archie McCulloch. During the last winter that McCulloch was engaged in this division of the country, he offered employment to a large number of men. The very last hand hired by him made his appearance in camp at the close of a dreary, blustering afternoon in late November.

When we first saw the newcomer, we thought him but a mere child; in fact, he did not appear to be more than fourteen years of age. He was slight, and just a trifle round-shouldered. His face, which was frank and pleasant, though not handsome, was covered with a bountiful supply of freckles, and he had beautiful dark-brown eyes whose melancholy expression almost belied the fact that they oftentimes sheltered a mischievous twinkle or a momentary gleam of amusement. The boy's small nose had a decided upward tendency at its lowest extremity. We used to imagine that it was seeking the acquaintance of the clustering curls of auburn hair, which crowned the full, white brow.

Ferdinand, he said his name was—Ferdinand Stewart, but he was so small that we all agreed to call him "Firdy," and nothing else.

"Well," he said, in reply to a remark made by the foreman, "I know I look pretty small—I guess I ain't so very big; but I can work. Why, mister, I've always worked. Only think," he continued; "I've been in the woods every winter for five years!

"What do I do? Why, just work. At first I only run errands. Once I was a kind of a

cookee—washed dishes, peeled potatoes, and did such work, you know. The boys always let me help about the stables, too. I can take care of horses first-rate. I just love horses!

"Say," he asked, turning to McCulloch; "you don't want to hire such a boy, do you?"

How disappointed he looked when McCulloch told him that he had men enough!

"Besides," he told the boy, "it seems to me you're rather young to be working in the woods. How does it happen you are away from home?"

We all listened while Firdy answered, with just the faintest trace of a quaver in his voice: "I haven't any home now."

As it was late, we offered him a night's lodging. While at supper he became bright and talkative, and, as we discovered, somewhat boastful.

"Pshaw!" he said. "You fellows here haven't any 'woods' to brag about. This timber's nothing compared with what we have up on the Flambeau. Here the timber's all gone—at least, all that's good for anything; never was worth much, though, I guess. Up there on the Flambeau they're just beginning to take the timber away. Lovely lumber, too, most of it; hardly any cull."

Later in the evening we learned the history of his little life.

"We used to live up on the Flambeau," he told us, "but I've never had a real home, not since I was six years old."

"How has that happened," we asked.

"Why, my mother died, you know, when I was a little chap not quite three years old. Then my sister Floy—she was lots older than me—took care of the rest of us. There were four of us children, besides Floy. Poor Floy! She wasn't so very strong, but she did pretty well—the best she could, anyway. My! there was lots of work; and Floy was so good!

"When I was just six years old my father and Floy both died with typhoid fever; and then we little ones had no one left to care for us. A neighbor took the two little girls (one was our baby); and my brother, who was thirteen years old, found a place to work.

"I went to live with another of our neighbors, but they didn't like me very well, I guess; they didn't act as though they did. I presume I was a nuisance, though, and made them lots of trouble. But think how young I was! I wasn't to blame for being so small; I was only six years old then.

"Well, I stayed with those people just about a year, and ever since I've been living around every-place. Jamie,—he's my brother,—he's twenty-one years old now. He earns lots of money, and lately I've earned a little, too. We're going to save all we can, and buy back the old place up on the Flambeau, where we used to live. Then I'll have a home again.

"The girls are now quite big. They'll come back and keep house for us, and 'twill seem awful good to be back there in the old home once more. I remember it real plain. 'Twasn't big and stylish—just kind of nice and cozy. I haven't had a real home for over eight years—not since Floy died; so you don't know how good 'twill seem to have one again—a home where we'll all be together, as we used to be."

The evident sincerity of the boy—the pathos which all felt, even if we could not see, interested us greatly and commanded our close attention. After a brief silence, Firdy continued his story as follows:

"They told me down at the slashings that I could get a job here, and I'm very sorry I can't. You see, I've lost a whole day getting up here, and I don't know of any other place where I'd be likely to find work. Do you?" he inquired of McCulloch.

"After thinking it over," the foreman replied, "I've about concluded to let you remain here—for a while, anyway. We don't need extra help very bad, but perhaps we can find something for you to do."

So we had another man in our crew. His work was "toting" for the camp; that is, hauling provisions from the town that was seventeen miles distant. He stayed in camp, and made two trips to the city each week. It did not take him long to make many friends among us; indeed, he was liked so well that nearly every man in camp claimed the boy as his especial comrade.

His quaint humor often brought smiles to the most melancholy countenances; while his thoughtful, and sometimes despondent, moods, awoke in our hearts the tenderest sympathy and regard.

We asked him, one day, why he always came to the woods for work.

"Do you suppose I could live if I wasn't in the woods?" he answered. "I love the woods! Our old home was in the woods. I'm lonesome anywhere else."

He used to help us with the work at camp. He would assist in washing the immense stacks of tin dishes with which all camps are familiar; and he would sometimes carry dinners to the men who were laboring at a distance from our headquarters. When we allowed him to aid in any way, he was excessively pleased and imagined himself very important; but he liked the hauling best.

"I guess it's on account of the horses," he said. "I like horses. They're my best friends. I wouldn't even like to stay in camp very well, if it wasn't for the horses. And I believe they always like me first-rate; they'd ought to, anyway, for I think the world of them."

"Gypsy," and "Raven," he called his tote-team; and how much these three—team and boy, did think of one another! We used to say that we believed the boy would willingly suffer anything in order to save his team from harm. But of all the horses in camp, he liked Raven best. "My horse," he always said, when he referred to Raven. We often saw him gazing fondly on the noble creature, or tenderly stroking his glossy coat as he would exclaim, rapturously, "Oh, Raven! If you only knew how grand you are. I wish you were mine, all mine!"

Thus the time passed. Life in those great forests was not altogether unpleasant, nor was it without its lessons and wholesome experiences. The sound of the ax was everywhere. At nightfall, when the hush of nature succeeded the noise and bustle of the day, the men would gather in the camp cabins and smoke their pipes, spin their yarns, and then, tired and sleepy, go to their bunks to get needed rest and strength for the morrow.

It was along toward the close of the season that Firdy first confided to a few of us the fact that he was going home in the spring. He read and reread the awkwardly-worded missives which he from time to time received from his brother Jamie, and he impatiently awaited the coming of his release from duty.

At length spring did appear, and we began to talk of breaking camp. Still, as there were

many logs "skidded" which were not yet hauled, McCulloch endeavored to keep the men at work as long as possible. But Firdy was very anxious to begin his homeward trip.

"Of course," he would say, "I hate to go; but, just think! I haven't had a home for over eight years, and now I'll have one again. Say, McCulloch, if you need another man next winter,—supposing you take another job,—you'll send for me, won't you? 'Cause I don't see how you'd get along here at camp without me, do you? And Raven—what would become of him?"

One Wednesday afternoon he returned from his trip to town very excited and happy.

"See! Isn't this fine?" he exclaimed, as he triumphantly displayed a crumpled letter.

"Why, don't you know what it is?" he asked. "It's a letter from Jamie."

He crossed the room to McCulloch, and asked, "Do you want to read what he says?"

Placing the almost unintelligible epistle in the foreman's hands, he waited gleefully while the message borne by the rude document was laboriously deciphered. Then he cried, rapturously. "Read it out loud!"

So McCulloch reread the missive, which simply stated that Jamie and the girls were home, and that Firdy was expected Saturday. He must be sure to come.

Firdy, of course, was impatient to go. We intended to remain in camp about two weeks longer, and we realized how lonely we would be with no Firdy to enliven the evenings or relieve the monotony of the long days. Thursday afternoon he came out to where some of us were working on a landing about four miles from camp, saying:

"I thought, seeing as how I'm going to leave so soon, I'd better come around and say good-bye to every place and all the folks."

He seemed a trifle more quiet than usual.

"No, boys," he said to several of the men who stood near; "I don't believe I'm as tickled about leaving here as I thought I'd be. Oh, you mustn't think I don't want to go home; but, you see, a fellow will sort of get attached to a place like this, when he's been here a while.

"But I'll remember all of you," he said, "and perhaps we'll all be together again at some other time. I've had a splendid good job, this year, and I've liked my work first-rate."

"Well, you'll be with your sister and your brother, Firdy," one of us said, "and we wish you happiness."

"Yes," he mused, "I'm glad I'm going home; still, it's awful hard to leave your friends. And I do like these woods a little," he continued. "I think they're pretty nice—almost as good

as those on the Flambeau. I do so love the woods. I never want to stay anywhere, except in the woods!"

Then, as usual, he offered to help a little:

"You know it's the last chance I'll have to work for you. I'll just help you a little until supper-time."

We were clearing off a new landing, that day, and had several trees to remove before the place would be ready for logs.

"Come, boys, you'd better let me help," Firdy

limb falling, do you? Just see how it shakes when I chop."

Stepping aside a little, he once more struck the tree. The huge bough trembled, shook violently, and then, with a terrific crash, came plunging toward the earth.

We all gasped, and turned pale. Firdy uttered a startled exclamation, and made a movement as though to escape the deadly peril. It was in vain. The limb swerved slightly, and we heard a low moan as our little friend sank beneath the terrible blow.

We went to him, but he didn't move. The blood trickled slowly from a wound in his temple. How white and strange he looked! How vainly did we strive to arouse him!

We constructed a stretcher of evergreen branches, upon which we tenderly laid the child; and then we slowly made our way back to the camp. He was so silent—his unconsciousness was so like death! He lay with closed eyes, and with his lips tightly compressed.

Presently a smile—that old, winsome smile we knew so well—flitted over his pale cheeks. Wearily he raised his eyelids and almost inaudibly murmured:

"Yes, boys; I'm going home. I'll"—He ceased speaking, and smiled again.

We thought him sleeping. McCulloch bent over the little form, lightly touched the slender wrist, and then whispered:

"Boys, Firdy is home!"

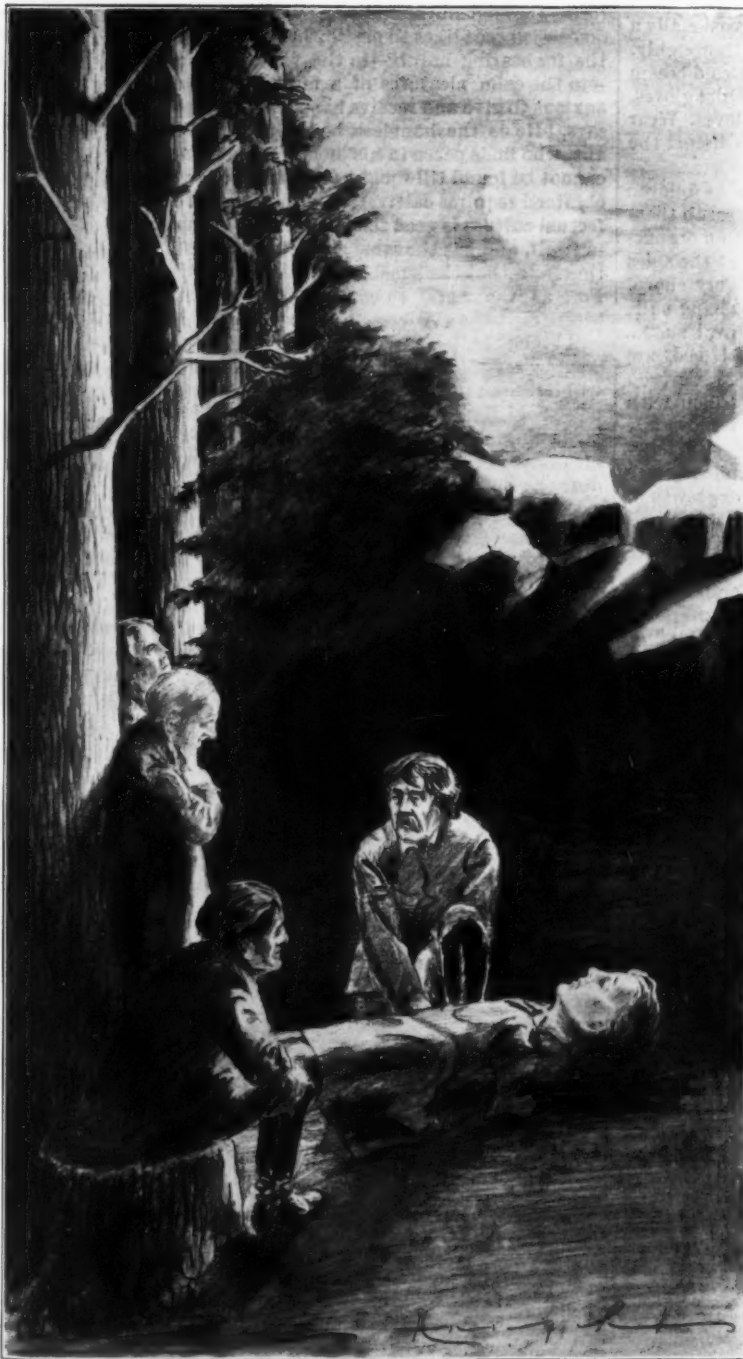
STAMPING OUT WITCHCRAFT IN ALASKA.

The U. S. Court, recently in session in Juneau, Alaska, has been engaged in attempts to suppress the witchcraft practices among the Indians of that region. These Indians are very superstitious. When one of their tribe becomes sick with some disease which the shaman or doctor is unable to cure, he pronounces the patient bewitched. Then the relatives of the sick Indian accuse some of the tribe as being the witch. This accusation is equivalent to a death sentence, since the accused is immediately tortured to death. So common has this practice become that United States Judge Johnson thus refers to it in his charge to the grand jury:

"You will be called upon to investigate a large number of

offenses against the law, such as assaults, robberies, violation of liquor and revenue laws, and offenses, peculiar to this territory, growing out of the belief in witchcraft.

"Many of the cruel murders among them may readily be traced to this superstitious belief, and it is your duty not to ignore, but to make patient inquiry into the alleged offenses growing out of the practice of witchcraft, and return true bills where evidence so warrants."



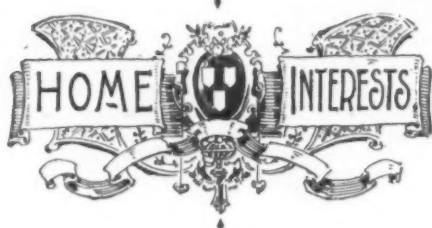
"Boys, Firdy is home."

pleaded. "You know I won't be here very much longer."

So we gave him an ax. He stepped up to a tree, and struck several blows at its trunk.

As the ax sank into the heart of the pine, we saw a large upper branch wave ominously directly above the boy's head. Firdy, glancing carelessly upward, beheld it also, and turning toward us, said:

"You don't think there's any danger of that



Care of the Hands.

The woman who would have pretty hands should follow these directions: Wash them in warm water with pure soap, and occasionally a little oatmeal. Dry them very thoroughly. After the night washing rub pure cold cream into them and don loose, fingerless white gloves. Never go into the street without gloves. Wear gloves which fit easily. Tight ones distort the hands.

Twice a week manicure the nails as follows: Soak them in soapy, warm water; scrub them with a nail-brush, and clean with an orange-wood stick. Press back the skin at the sides and base with the stick. With very sharp, curved manicure scissors, cut off any hang-nails or dry skin. Clip the nails into oval shape. File them smooth with sandpaper. If they are inclined to be brittle, rub a little salve on them. Wash again, powder and polish with chamols, and wash once more to remove any traces of the powder.

Every day the nails should be rubbed with lemon-juice, which discourages the growth of skin at the base.

A North Dakota Woman's Work.

In the girls' department of the North Dakota Agricultural College, the lady superintendent gives lectures on household economy, including the preparation and serving of meals, entertaining, and such things; on architecture, sanitation, house furnishings and decorations; and on all kinds of sewing and darning.

In order to show the chemistry of foods, a neat contrivance in graduated sizes of bottles is used. By actual service, each girl learns the art of preparing and serving meals and little luncheon or tea-parties, receiving and entertaining her friends under the eye of her teacher.

They visit beautiful homes in the study of home decorations, and inspect those that are in process of construction for study of materials used. They visit shops, also, thus receiving practical lessons in selecting and purchasing goods needed. Physical culture is likewise taught. The school, with its competent and energetic corps of instructors, enjoys the reputation of being one of the very best in the country.

A Simple Cough Cure.

The following is from a doctor connected with an institution where there are many children:

"There is nothing more irritable to a cough than a cough. For some time I have been so fully assured of this that I determined, for one minute, at least, to lessen the number of coughs heard in a certain ward in a hospital of the institution.

"By the promise of rewards and punishments, I succeeded in inducing them to simply hold their breath when tempted to cough, and in a little while I was myself surprised to see some of the children entirely recovered from the disease.

"Constant coughing is precisely like scratching a wound on the outside of the body. So long as it is done, the wound will not heal.

"Let a person, when tempted to cough, draw a long breath and hold it until it warms and

soothes every air cell, and some benefit will soon be received from this process. The nitrogen which is thus refined acts as an anodyne to the mucuous membrane, allaying the desire to cough, and giving the throat and lungs a chance to heal. At the same time, a suitable medicine will aid nature in her effort to recuperate."

Good Temper.

Good temper is like a sunny day, shedding brightness on everything. It is temper which creates the bliss of home, or disturbs its comforts. It is not in the collision of intellect that domestic peace likes to nestle; her home is in the for bearing nature—in the yielding spirit—in the calm pleasures of a mild disposition anxious to give and receive happiness. Goethe says, "He is the happiest, be he king or peasant, who finds peace in his home." But peace cannot be found till sought for, and when once obtained requires cultivation, and the most effectual culture is good temper. It is a fortune in itself, and has the same effect in the domestic circle that the sunshine has on all outside. For, as the warm sunshine and the gentle breeze melt the glacier, so the voice of kindness will touch the heart which could not be subdued by severity. Good temper in the morning will lighten the cares of the day, and make all household affairs progress smoothly. Good temper at night will be fraught with sweetest memories—free from regrets if death claims a dear one in the darkness.

Good-bye to Freckles.

French women, who try to make a virtue of necessity, are discovering that freckles are very becoming. They are "chic," they say, and they stoutly maintain that the little yellow dots bring out the whiteness of the complexion in a marvelous way.

Notwithstanding this pronouncement of their French cousins, English women are down on freckles, and when English women, headed always by the irreproachable princess of Wales, frown, then it is time for the world to disapprove also.

In a private letter, received from a titled American woman, one with whose name you are very familiar, it is told that she and several other beauties of London are removing freckles with salted sweet milk. The letter says:

"Bathe your face four times a day in sweet milk, made very salt, and your freckles will soon disappear."

If they persist, as in the case of the little countess of Craven, use clear salted lemon-juice in the middle of the day—omitting the midday milk-bath.

These cosmetics can do no harm, and are certainly to be recommended to the women who suffer from rust patches.

The Curse of Familiarity.

In their strife for mental equality with men, women have unintentionally broken down a fine reserve of manner which previously lent them an air of mystery—of superiority in the best sense, than which no element is more successful in holding a man's interest, love, and respect. The young woman who greets a man friend with "Hello! old man," or its equivalent in modern slang, might in return be called "a peach," but she would be a peach with the bloom rubbed off.

Every day I become more convinced that at the root of the increasing evidences of widespread marital unhappiness would be found the familiarity that breeds contempt. When a boy climbs a tree for green apples or cherries, whichever he prefers, he constantly sees a better one higher up beyond his reach, until he

nearly breaks his neck to get the one out of his stretch, partly hidden by foliage. And so man's ideal woman hangs at the tip-top of the tree of knowledge. If the ideal drops into his hands, he throws it to the ground as worthless and begins to climb again. Would it be reasonable to think, after working so hard for cherries, that he would value them long if he ate a surfeit of them?—*Frances Evans, in the Ladies' Home Journal.*

On the Pacific Coast.

The following incidents, the Seattle (Wash.) Times says, took place not a thousand miles from that city. A certain young lady was about to visit Snohomish, and, as is fit and proper upon such occasions, she was accompanied to the train by a number of girl friends. When the regulation good-byes had been said and ma'am'selle started for her train she was followed by a shower of rice and old slippers, and the passengers chuckled to themselves at the thought that here was a young lady about to meet her future husband somewhere. When she arrived at Snohomish, with rice upon her hat and in the folds of her garments, some of the citizens of that burg began to wonder who was to be the sharer of the joys and sorrows of the fair damsel.

It is not customary, of course, for prospective brides to be given a send-off with rice and old slippers, neither is it customary for actual brides to go on bridal tours alone. But once upon a time a very successful business man popped the momentous question to a lady to whom he had been paying attention for something less than thirty years. After remarking, "This is so sudden, John," and asking a day for consideration, she accepted him, and that day they were wed. Then John, quoth he:

"Mary, this is a busy time and I can't very well leave home, but here's a hundred dollars; take your sister and have a bridal tour."

And like a dutiful wife, she went, all of which this deponent knoweth to be true, for he heard it from the lady herself on her "bridal" tour. She was of the merry sort that see everything that is funny and grotesque on the journey of life.

The Well-Bred Woman.

One of the tell-tale marks of speech of the person of little social opportunity is the unimpressible, almost immovable countenance. The mouth opens and shuts, and the words tumble out somehow. This bad habit is common in many sections of the country remote from social centers. The people make so little effort to be personally agreeable that they finally take on an almost bovine immobility of countenance.

At the other extreme are the people who make so much effort to give force to their words that they use the muscles of their faces, often their hands, in a ridiculous way. Women of nervous temperament are especially prone to wrinkle their foreheads and the skin about their eyes, and to mouth their words in such wise as to make their faces a series of contortions painful to behold.

Women of social position who talk well do none of these things. Their faces are animated by what they are saying; their eyes are expressive, but their muscles merely perform the work necessary to proper pronunciation; they do not "mug," like the plebeian of the cheap boarding-house, neither have they any of the apathy of the overworked country woman.

Is it worth while for one to pay attention to "these trifling matters?" It certainly is. Refinement and good breeding are worth while for their own sakes. They may be trifling in themselves, but they contribute so greatly to the

charms of social intercourse that no one who enjoys or wishes to enjoy the best social life can afford to ignore them.

Usefulness of Kerosene.

Kerosene oil is good for many things besides fuel and lamp-oil. It should always be substituted for soap in cleaning shellacked floors. Use a cupful to a pailful of lukewarm water—hot water spoils the varnish—and wipe with a floor mop or a soft cloth. After scrubbing oil-cloth, if a little kerosene is rubbed on it and rubbed dry, the colors of the oilcloth will be wonderfully refreshed and improved by the process.

For removing rust, nothing is equal to kerosene. If the article is badly rusted, pour the oil into a pan and lay with the rusted surface in the oil, so as to cover it. Leave for as long as it may be necessary for the oil to penetrate the rust; then wipe off and polish with sand soap, or rub with bath brick, according to the article to be cleaned.

When your lamp chimneys are smoked, newspaper, wet with kerosene, is much better than water for cleaning them; and after they are washed, the same medium polishes them beautifully. Only be very careful to rub all the oil off before using the lamp, or it will have a bad odor. The objectionable odor, so often noticed with lamps and oil-stoves, come from the oil which is spilled in filling and left to dry, instead of being wiped off.

On wash-day, cut up a quarter of a cake of soap into the wash-boiler, and allow it to dissolve, which it will do by the time the water comes to a boil. Then stir in a teacupful of kerosene, and put in the sheets, towels, pillowcases, etc.; that is, the clothes that are not badly soiled. Boil for fifteen minutes, stirring frequently. Then rinse, rubbing them out in

the rinsing water to wash out the soap. This is all the washing they need, and you will find them all clean and ready for the bluing. The kerosene dissolves the dirt and whitens the clothes without injury to the fabric.

Kerosene is also an effective remedy for burns—fully equal to linseed oil. It contains the remedial qualities of vaseline, but is a much less soothing application and the odor is, of course, objectionable.

The Way to Wash Flannels.

The wise woman and the wealthy woman wear flannels all the year. The difference between those they wear in the winter and those in summer is entirely a difference of weight and not of material. The coolest possible underwear for summer is the most zephyr-weight flannel. It does not cling to the body as cotton stuffs do, and it has not the same depressing tendency to lie in damp folds about one's arms and back. But, unfortunately, it has exactly the same inclination towards thickening and shrinking when washed, that is displayed by its winter relative.

The washing of many flannels is tedious work, as each article must be done separately; and in order that the work should be quite satisfactory, the work should be accomplished with as much expedition as possible, for any woolen will shrink if allowed to lie about damp. To avoid delay, it is best to prepare the soap the day before the flannels are to be washed.

Cut a quarter of a pound of good yellow soap into shreds with an old knife, and put into a sauce-pan containing a quart of water; simmer gently, stirring occasionally, until the soap is dissolved; then strain and set aside to get cold, when it will be found to be in a jelly. Take as much of this jelly as is required to make a good lather, using plenty of warm water, which

should not exceed 98 degrees Fahrenheit. Add a small quantity of household ammonia, and, after having shaken the things to be washed, proceed to cleanse them in the soapy water, but do not rub dry soap on them. If they are much soiled, a second edition of the soapy water will be necessary; they should then be rinsed twice in warm water, just a little cooler than that used with soap, and never put into quite cold water, as the difference in the temperature would shrink the wool.

There is quite a knack in wringing so as to abstract as much of the water as possible from the wet clothes, and if one does not possess this knack or a wringer, the following will be found an easy way of freeing a garment from superfluous moisture:

Begin by squeezing as much water as possible from it, then roll the article up in a large dry cloth or bath-towel; place one end under the foot, and twist the rolled-up cloth around and around until it is curled up quite tightly; then shake out the cloth and the garment and repeat the operation, only placing the other end of the roll under the foot on the second occasion. The garment must next be well shaken and stretched out to its proper size and shape, for, as it is pulled when wet, so will it remain when dry. It should be hung either in the sun or a little distance from the fire to dry, but not too near, or it will steam and shrink; an occasional shake during the drying will help to raise the wool and make it soft.

It is best not to iron any fabrics of this description, as this tends to make them close. However, if the slightly creased appearance which they have after being washed is objected to, they may be smoothed with a cool iron. Whoever washes either winter or summer flannels by this method will find them always soft, fluffy, light and, crowning glory, large enough.



A POTLATCH AMONG INDIANS OF THE PACIFIC COAST REGION.

The Potlatch, as observed by the Indians in Washington and clear through to Southern Alaska, is literally a feast given by some rich Indian who wishes to distinguish himself by giving nearly or quite all his earthly possessions to the members of his tribe, this act being regarded as positive evidence of the donor's greatness. While the custom is gradually dying out, it is still observed at rare intervals, and it is always an occasion of great feasting and rejoicing.

IN AND ABOUT GREAT FALLS, MONTANA.

By E. A. Evans.

The traveler who enters Great Falls from the south along the Belt Mountains is treated to a constantly changing, yet ever beautiful, landscape. In some places the mountains stand out alone in purple grandeur on one side, while the other edge of the valley is bordered by continuous lines of sharp, pointed hills. Here, a very large mountain stands directly in front, and the engine is headed right at it; yonder is a tiny hole that looks like a woodpecker's nest. Can it be a tunnel? The engine is surely making for it. Yes; in it goes. The hole is larger than it looks, and for a minute all are in darkness. On the train rushes, past small sidings and lonely-looking ranch-houses, only making a few stops until it is in sight of Great Falls, after a ride of about four hours. The train makes a great circle away past the town, crosses the bridge, and then backs up to the depot, true to the saying of the trainmen that some railway managers would go ten miles out of their way for the sake of backing into a town.

Circling through a park, with a fountain playing in the center, you are on a wide avenue finely lighted with electric lights. This is Central Avenue. We pass one large glass front after another, the interiors of which are brilliantly lighted, and we are whirled over pavements that have been laid only twelve years. Old settlers tell the story that, twelve years ago, the father of Great Falls, Mr. Paris Gibson, was pointed out by the stage-driver from Helena to Fort Benton as a "poor old man gone crazy; thinks he is founding a city on this buffalo-bench." But Mr. Gibson persisted in his belief in the possibility of this water-power, so near such great mineral wealth, becoming the foundation for a large and prosperous city, and we will see that his judgment has been verified.

Today Great Falls has a population of twelve thousand people, who enjoy all the luxuries of modern city life. The town stands upon the very site selected by Mr. Gibson—a beautiful plain on the south bank of the Missouri, a few feet above the level of the Black Eagle Falls. The river at this point is about 600 yards wide and falls about twenty-six feet, broken a third

of the way down by protruding rocks, which receive the water and give it a curve. From Captain Lewis' description of these falls, in the famous Lewis and Clarke expedition across the continent one hundred years ago, we take the following:

"Below the falls, in the middle of the river, is a little island that is well covered with timber. Here, on a cottonwood tree, an eagle has fixed its nest, the undisputed mistress of a spot where neither man nor beast would venture across the gulfs that surround it. This soli-



THE GREAT FALLS OF THE MISSOURI, NEAR GREAT FALLS, MONT.

This tremendous volume of water represents one of three falls, within a distance of seven and one-half miles, aggregating eighty feet in height and having, including the rapids, a total fall of 512 feet, thus furnishing one of the greatest water-powers in the United States.

tary bird did not escape the observation of the Indians, who made the eagle's nest a part of their description of Black Eagle Falls."

The falls have been changed considerably by developing the immense water-power. Only part of this has been saddled and harnessed, but it is now furnishing 11,000 horse-power, 5,000 of which is rented at a cost of \$50,000 a year by the Boston & Montana Consolidated

cars and a number of motors used for operating machinery. It supplied the power to operate the Royal Mill for three months, the first time electricity was ever used for so large a mill.

The well-built and homelike residence portion of the city is upon a beautiful plain 3,300 feet high, where Mr. Gibson first pitched his tent in the wilderness. The prospect is not to be excelled. Below are the noisy falls. Far away to the east, south, and west, in gentle undulations extends the plain culminating in the great Belt Mountains, which, with many snowy peaks, curve round the horizon fifty miles away. The clouds, gently dropping down and assuming the shapes of mountain peaks, rest upon the western hill-tops, waiting for the setting sun to give them each moment a new glory, which the broad Missouri reflects with marvelous fidelity.

The business part of the city extends in several avenues down the shelving bank of the stream to the old fording place of the Indians, where the Great Northern Railway has built its bridge. A wagon and foot-bridge crosses the river a short distance from the railroad crossing, and there is another near the smelter called the Fifteenth Street bridge. Electric cars take you to all parts of the town, and they are very well patronized by the general public.

Great Falls is justly proud of her waterworks, now owned by the city, which furnishes two and a half million gallons daily from the Missouri above its junction with Sun River, using twenty-six miles of main pipe to supply the



RAINBOW FALLS, NEAR GREAT FALLS, MONT.

The height of these beautiful falls is fifty-four feet. They are several miles from the city, where the Missouri pours itself over a precipitous ledge nearly or quite 600 yards in width.

water. In addition to this are over nine miles of sewerage put in at a cost of \$130,000. Such outlays of capital for city works could only be ventured by a place of great natural resources.

Mention has already been made of the yearly output of copper and silver from the refineries. The iron outlook is just as good, with the material right at hand, immense deposits of this most useful of all minerals surrounding the city. The soil is red with iron, and the hills along the river bank are full of beautiful red sandstone which gets its color from the iron with which it is mixed, and is as fine a building material as the famous brown stone so extensively used in New York City. A bed of pure white sandstone is found across the river. While this makes a beautiful building material, it does not harden on exposure as the red does—which, by the way, took a medal at the Omaha Exposition last year, and is already shipped to Washington and the East through the Dakotas. A fine bed of glass sand has been opened, and plate-glass works are invited to come and examine its quality. The quantity is inexhaustible. Under some of the stone here is a fine fire clay from which 300,000 brick per month have been produced. Beds of this clay are found all about the city, and a fine terra-cotta clay is under the town site. With

marble interiors, all brilliantly lighted with electric lights.

The streets and avenues are wide and well paved. Coal in inexhaustible quantities is found everywhere, and the coal-mines furnish no small feature in the future development of the State. This coal already finds its market from Barnesville, Minnesota, to the Coast. Sand Coulee and Belt, a few miles away, are sending out 5,000 tons a day. One hundred coke ovens are constantly running at Belt.

But, far excelling all mineral deposits in value, as the starving Klondikers decided, is the fine hard wheat which these bench-lands produce in quantities and quality to astonish the world. Land long

supplied with a main ditch from which side ditches are constructed so that the water can be flooded over the entire bottom. Sheep-raising has assumed proportions which make it



A PRETTY CORNER IN WHITTIER PARK, GREAT FALLS.

Great Falls has acquired about 450 acres of land for park purposes, and five public breathing-places of exceeding beauty are already found within her confines.



GIANT SPRINGS, IN THE VICINITY OF GREAT FALLS.

The springs are on the south side of the Missouri, and add to its volume more than 600 cubic feet of water per second.

these advantages of cheap building material right at home are found five-story brick blocks, solid brown and gray stone buildings with

proclaimed useful only for pasturage, unless irrigated, yields twenty-five bushels per acre of the finest milling wheat in the world. The



CROOKED FALLS, A SHORT DISTANCE FROM GREAT FALLS.

This is another of the majestic waterfalls for which this section of Montana is noted. It is thirty-five feet in height, and of superb volume.

Royal Milling Company is manufacturing daily, from this and Dakota wheat, 450 barrels of flour equal in quality to any Minneapolis product. Their Rex flour has made a market for itself as far as Southern California.

Irrigation is fast gaining ground in Montana. On the large sheep ranches it is found to pay simply for hay, for three crops are harvested in one season. Many of the river basins are now

one of the great industries, this State now ranking as the second State in the Union in the quantity of wool produced. In 1897 it ranked as the first State, the clip amounting to 21,500,000 pounds. Last year 6,500,000 pounds were marketed in Great Falls, averaging about sixteen and one-half cents per pound. With a ranch of 8,000 sheep, an income of at least \$12,000 is assured. Eighty per cent of all the lambs are raised, and they find ready market at \$2.25 per head. The expense of keeping is estimated at eighty cents a head. They are run in "dens"—as the Montana rancher speaks of them—of 2,000 to 3,500 head. As they are put into sheds at night, each den requires a herder; and this, with a business manager of the whole, makes four men necessary. About 300 tons of hay are put up for a sheep-ranch of this size.

The cattle-ranches are even more profitable. The beef product is estimated at \$10,000,000. Two carloads of four- or five-year old cattle mean an income of \$2,500; and this without any work, as the cattle are kept in fine condition at all ages simply on this grass. Only enough hay is put up for heavy snows, which are rare. The hay is scattered on the ice of the rivers or ditches, the banks affording pro-



RIVERSIDE PARK, GREAT FALLS.

Riverside has an area of about eighty acres, and a river frontage, in the central part of the city, of nearly one mile.

tection from the wind. Snow is scraped off, if necessary, with a triangle made of a plank two feet high, to which a team is fastened. This same arrangement is used on the sheep-ranches; and in Minneapolis and St. Paul it is used in clearing the walks of snow.

Great Falls is well-laid out, with wide, fine avenues and streets. Central Avenue, the principal business street, extends from Whittier Park nearly two miles east. There are several solid business blocks, handsomely built of brick, and red and white sandstone. One sees several large department stores, shoe-stores, clothing stores, fur-stores, hardware, drug, confectionery, grocery, and fruit stores, all doing a brisk business, as this place is the central supply point for the surrounding smaller places and the whole country.

Then one suddenly steps from glass fronts to open prairie; for the Town Site Company owns a farm which comes up to the Grand Central Hotel. Beyond this open space, on the highest point of land, the Columbus Hospital was built five years ago at a cost of \$60,000, added improvements having since brought the cost to \$70,000. It is one of the largest buildings in the city, and has fine, hardwood interiors, steam heat, electric lights, bells and telephones, elevator run by electricity, dumb-

charge of the deaconesses of the M. E. Church from Chicago, also built of red brick, but smaller. It is the first of five buildings to be put in on the cottage plan—one for surgery, one for fevers, one for obstetrics, one for children, and one for contagious diseases. They have nicely finished and well lighted and furnished rooms for thirty patients.

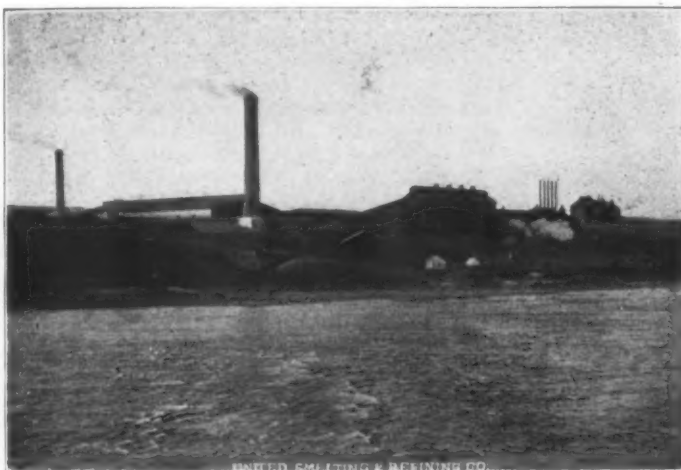
The Central High School Building, of gray stone, stands near the Columbus Hospital. There are five school buildings in the city limits, employing a superintendent and forty-four teachers, with 1,600 pupils enrolled. On the North Side of the river, in the smelter district, and at the silver smelter,



CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING, GREAT FALLS.

This is said to be the finest school structure between the Twin Cities and the Pacific Coast. Great Falls' school property exceeds \$200,000 in value.

hensive railway facilities. It is the largest freight-handling depot between the Twin Cities and the Coast, and it needs every ad-



SHOWING THE SMELTING AND REFINING INTERESTS IN GREAT FALLS.

It is said that one-eighth of the copper produced in the United States, and also a good deal of gold and silver, come from the great smelting and refining plants in this city.

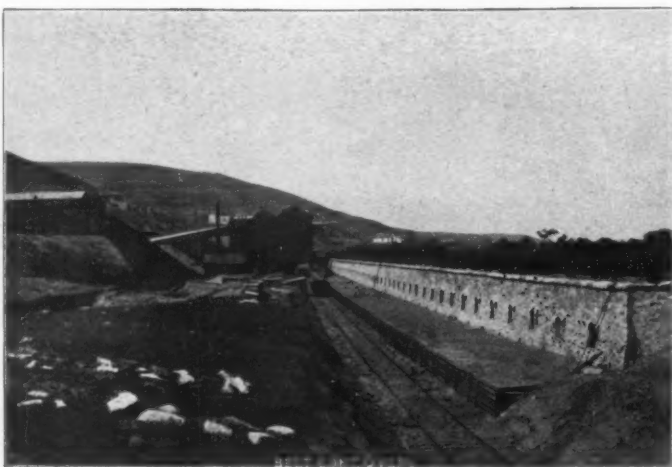
waiters, and toilet-rooms and baths on every floor, twelve in all. A short distance from this institution is the Protestant Hospital, in

are three additional schools. There is also a commercial college. No better schools can be found anywhere, and Great Falls is justly proud of them.

There are several good hotels, four prosperous banks, three daily papers, a big iron-works plant, numerous doctors and lawyers, merchants in every line of business that can be named, a \$50,000 opera house, capable of seating 2,000 persons; a free public library of 4000 volumes, and twelve churches. What the city needs is a woolen factory, knitting-works, glass factories, a creamery or two, and more compre-

vantage it can get. All this country is developing rapidly. Great interests center here, interests that are growing larger and more important every day. The power to expand—to reach out and receive as well as to supply—this is what Great Falls is hoping for in the near future.

It will not do to close this article without reference to Great Falls' park system, which comprises 450 acres. Riverside Park contains about eighty acres, with a river front of nearly a mile in the city; Island Park, an island in the Missouri River in the South End of the city, contains fifty acres of well-wooded land; and Sun River Park on the West, Highwood Park on the southeast, and Whittier and Margaret at the West End, all capable of improvement, show the appreciation of the people for this very essential part of city life. If grander scenery is desired, a short drive will take one to the Giant Spring, to Rainbow Falls, to Coulter Falls, to Crooked Falls, and lastly to the Great Falls—not so beautiful as the Rainbow, but far grander. There are romantic gulches and interesting localities all about the city, and not in a week, nor yet in a month, would one weary of life in this busy but picturesque portion of Montana.



COKE OVENS AT BELT, MONTANA.

Belt is only a short distance from Great Falls. The ovens produce about 150 tons of coke per diem, all contracted for.



FORTY-TWO LOADS OF MONTANA WOOL.

Great Falls is one of the largest wool-shipping points in the State. Over 6,500,000 pounds were marketed there last year.



"Then the passengers . . . were hurried through the terrible storm into farmer Wolcott's kitchen."

HOW THE WORLD CAME TO THE WOLCOTTS.

By Mary J. Strayer.

It had been snowing for two days in Northwestern Montana. For nearly a week the skies had been dull, and something like a gray curtain had stretched across the west. Then one morning the snow began coming down in great, soft flakes, and by evening it was a foot deep. In the night the wind changed to the north, and all the next day it drove the fine snow so furiously that one could not see ten feet ahead. By four o'clock it was quite dark; the smoke-house could not be distinguished from the tall wood-pile, and the wind tore through the sparse timber in regular Western blizzard style.

It was not often that affairs in the Wolcott family were disarranged; certainly such trifles as the weather did not usually have much effect one way or the other. Living more than a dozen miles away from our nearest neighbors generally makes stoics of us. The younger Wolcotts had never experienced life in common with other people; and the ill-defined lonesomeness induced by the weirdness of the storm was felt, but not understood. The farm was a barren knoll perched on the mountain-side. Farther up, the trees grew quite dense, and now formed a solid wall of whiteness. Between it and the house, not five rods distant, stretched east and west a clear line of snow beneath which lay the track of the Great Northern Railroad. It was thirty-six hours since the last train had passed, and it was this fact which Ben and Jamie Wolcott were discussing as they pitched the straw down and bedded the stock for the night.

By dint of constant shoveling, the boys had kept open a thoroughfare between the house and the barn. As they came through this, after finishing the chores, the snow walls on either side reached eleven-year-old Jamie's shoulders and were rapidly tumbling in before the vicious storm. The snow was so blinding that they could not distinguish the light which they knew was in the kitchen window. In the shelter of the low doorway they stopped a moment.

"Listen!" exclaimed Jamie, quickly. "Didn't you hear a queer noise?"

"No," said Ben. "What was it like?"

"It sounded dull, and far off."

"A tree falling, likely," replied Ben. "If this storm keeps on it'll blow down half the mountainside."

One side of the Wolcott kitchen, which was also the living-room, was piled nearly to the

ceiling with short logs which had been brought in early in the afternoon; for the sole article which the farm produced in plenty, was fuel. Before a roaring fire Mr. Wolcott smoked a corn-cob pipe, looking gloomily into the flames. That was a habit of his. His children had rarely seen him smile, and it was understood that these abstracted moments were backward contemplations of a disappointed life.

"Don't disturb father," Mrs. Wolcott would say, always ignoring her share of the trials. "He's had so many worries since we came West that he isn't himself, at all."

Once a month Mr. Wolcott went to the nearest town, sixteen miles away. He usually staid all night, and then the family had a season of relaxation. The mother told of the wonderful Eastern life; of the cities, with their lighted streets; of the wonderful stores, the beautiful churches, with chandeliers and organs, and of the homes with velvet carpets and plush hangings! Had she known how many nights Ben and Jamie, and even quiet Clementine, lay with wide-open eyes recalling all she had told, and longing unutterably for a glimpse of the great world, the gentle, worn-out mother would have curbed her garrulous tongue. It certainly seemed a harmless enjoyment, this way of living her early life over again with her children, all of whom had been born in this out-of-the-way corner.

It was eighteen months since the Great Northern Railroad had been finished, and the passing of the few daily trains were events in the lives of the young Wolcotts. Their flashing by was like a breeze from the outside world; and it may have been their enforced absence, as well as the raging storm, that rendered the evening duller than usual. Ben and Jamie were climbing the rough pine stairway to bed, when there was a sudden jarring sound, followed by a series of fluttering explosions, then a quick silence. Clementine sprang to her feet, white as paper.

"Father," she gasped, "what was that?"

Again the sound, this time clearer and more continued—even above the driving of the furious wind.

Mr. Wolcott threw open the heavy plank door. A ponderous, black, funnel-shaped object loomed up out of the drifts, almost hidden for an instant by the whirling snow; then, between gusts, emitting an occasional radiance, that shone out over the surroundings and made

them more weirdlike. A dark, low line, with here and there a dull light, lay along the snow; and as the Wolcotts crowded tremblingly into their narrow doorway, there were loud voices.

"We are certainly not far from that little farmhouse," called one; and then the half-frightened family understood. It was the Eastern Express of the Great Northern, belated and snowbound!

Mr. Wolcott and the boys sprang for their shovels, and were soon battling against the storm. It was hard work, with poor headway; but the crew of the train, finding their whereabouts, also began shoveling, and in the course of half an hour a tolerably good road had been made.

Then the passengers—six men and three women—were hurried through the terrible storm into farmer Wolcott's kitchen. The logs in the great fire-place glowed and snapped, and the flames roared up the chimney and lit up the old, smoke-stained rafters. Clementine and her mother had been flying around trying to make things presentable; but as the strangers filed in, the young girl hid behind the old-fashioned dresser, while the older woman stood trembling and half-inclined to follow. All told, so many strangers had not crossed her threshold since she had lived in the Montana mountains.

Little ceremony, however, was observed by the people who had been fighting the storm for twenty-four hours, with but little to eat, and less warmth. An accident happening to the dining-car had necessitated its being sidetracked the evening before. A day coach had also been dropped; and with the baggage-car and sleeper only, the attempt had been made to cross the mountains before the storm became too furious. It had been a trip thoroughly trying to the nerves, and most of the passengers looked pale and worn. One, a tall, beautiful lady in a sweeping, fur-lined cloak, walked quickly to the fire and stood rubbing her hands in the pleasant warmth.

"What a lovely fire!" she exclaimed. "Thank God that we have reached such a comfortable place, after all!"

So much steam had been required to enable the engine to plow through the drifts, that the air in the coach had been decidedly chilly, and the half-benumbed travelers gathered close about the fire. In the baggage-car were some eatables which had been hurriedly transferred from the discarded dining-car, but anxiety and lack of proper preparations had induced a fast which everybody now seemed inclined to break.

Mrs. Wolcott was appalled; but Ben, who, in his efforts to make all comfortable, had had no time to be embarrassed, whispered to her:

"You know, mother, there's a half-beef hanging in the barn. We'll shovel our way out, and I guess we can hack it into slices."

In two minutes he was at work, assisted by the fireman, whose huge scoop made the snow fly. Clementine, seeing work to be done, ventured out and began setting the table; while the engineer carried the plates and cups from the cupboard for her, and the conductor and Jamie, bundled to the eyes, fought their way to the car for additional dishes and provisions. Mrs. Wolcott washed and pared, and soon had a kettle of potatoes boiling merrily; while the porter handled the meat as skillfully as any hotel cook.

It was two o'clock in the morning before the crew and passengers made their way back through the unabated storm to the sleeper, now thoroughly warmed, and made ready for rest. At daylight there were no signs of a break in the weather. The wind sent the falling snow in furious swirls, and the path between the cabin and the car, filled even, had to

be reopened. After breakfast, at which all hands assisted, there was a council, and Mr. Wolcott presented an inventory of available supplies. The result was three merry parties armed with shovels, scoops, hoes, and even a rake or two. One started straight from the kitchen door toward the back of the acre lot where the potato mounds were declared to be; another turned off at an acute angle, assured that in that direction lay the buried apple and turnip supplies; while the third burrowed briskly westward, headed by Jamie, who had helped cover the cabbage rows in the late autumn.

All came back loaded; and the crisp vegetables were placed beside the wood-pile, which next was replenished. It was long after twelve o'clock when the work was done, and appetites were well whetted for dinner. Mrs. Wolcott and Clementine had washed the dishes and put things in order; the keen-eyed little woman from an unpronounceable town in York State had prepared the roast; the trim lady's maid had pared the potatoes; while her mistress had shelled a half-peck of beans from their dried pods. Clementine had watched eagerly the white, jeweled hands and the gracefully-poised head. She would hardly have comprehended had she been told that this was the world's leading songstress, whose voice had moved capitals and courts.

Night had fairly closed in by the time the meal was over and the chairs were drawn around the roaring fire. Then a stout gentleman, whom the crew knew to be an official of the Great Northern, proposed an evening's entertainment. Each must contribute something; and he himself told of an amusing experience on a St. Lawrence steamer. It reminded the conductor of a funny, nervous passenger he once had, and the well-told story made everybody shout. The lady's maid, who sat next, described in slightly broken language winter pleasures in Sweden; and a tall, thin individual who had been a great traveler, gave an enthusiastic account of the Winter Palace in St. Petersburg. The engineer recalled some personal episodes of a year or two spent in Mexico. But the excitement grew intense for the Wolcotts when their own father, whose turn came next, told a story of his youth, with evident pleasure. Then the beautiful lady stood up and sang. And such singing! Over and over again she responded to the storms of applause, looking graciously into the wide eyes of Clementine, crouched on the chimney-hearth, never dreaming that she was the singer's inspiration.

Next morning the world seemed transformed. Not a breeze moved the brown oak-leaves, and the sun shone over the snow with dazzling brilliancy. It was Sunday, and after breakfast a sermon was preached by a small man in a clerical dress, who led in singing several old-fashioned hymns; and the services concluded with—"I Know that My Redeemer Liveth," rendered by the wonderful prima donna. In the afternoon, Ben, whose time had been divided between looking after the comfort of the enforced guests and examining the wonders of the snowed-in locomotive and cars, found the stout gentleman reading in the baggage-car.

"Come in!" he called, as the boy turned away. "I've been wanting to talk to you."

That night Ben lay awake several hours, thinking over the conversation. He knew that he had answered a good many questions put by the stout gentleman, but he did not realize that he had told about everything of importance concerning the Wolcott family and the poor little Montana farm. Later, when the snow-plow, forcing its way up from the eastward, had found the imprisoned express, and the

farmer's family stood waving their hands after the departing guests, Ben chronicled a secret vow. But it was never carried out, because, one spring day, two months later, the Western-bound train slowed up to allow a stranger to spring off at the Wolcott cabin. Within a few hours, the object of his visit had been attained. The farm had passed into the hands of the Great Northern Company—for timber purposes; and Mr. Wolcott and Ben had accepted modest positions offered them. The stout gentleman's estimate of boyish character was correct, and on that section of the road containing the old place, Ben is today a young supervisor with a good salary and bright prospects.

MINNESOTA IN THE LEAD.

The official estimates of the Agricultural Bureau of the wheat crop of 1898 show that Minnesota is still far and away the largest producer of wheat in the country. It produced a crop of 78,417,912 bushels, which is not only 13,500,000 bushels more than Kansas, the next on the list, produced, but it is 13,000,000 bushels more than she herself had ever produced before. Its 1898 crop was, furthermore, 11.6 per cent of the entire United States crop. For the last four years the Minnesota crop has surpassed that of any other State, though it was closely pushed in 1896, when it only produced 46,600,000 bushels, by California with 45,000,000 bushels. But the aggregate production for the last five years, in spite of the poor crops of 1894 and 1896, says the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*, is far in excess of that of any other State. The largest crop harvested by any other State in that time was harvested by Kansas last year, 64,939,412 bushels, with North Dakota next, and Ohio and South Dakota practically tied for fourth place.

LUMBER FOR THE WORLD.

Lumber from the Pacific Coast is more widely spread over the earth's surface than that from any other lumber district. Douglas fir is the one great cosmopolitan lumber in the world; perhaps next to it stands the lumber from the Scandinavian peninsula.

This world-wide market makes the trade susceptible to many influences unfelt by lumbermen who market their products relatively local. Rumors of war in Europe at once advance marine insurance; this at once affects all cargo trade. Vessels owned by every commercial nation on earth load lumber at the mills on this Coast. War between any foreign nations would immediately exclude their ships from the lumber trade. Now the rumors of war between England and Russia over Chinese territory is causing a little uneasiness, as it would shut off trade temporarily in that portion of the world. But, for all the drawbacks, there is a broadening sense in being in touch with all the world.—*Tacoma (Wash.) West Coast Lumberman.*

CHINOOK WIND DEFINED.

The "chinook wind" is so great a puzzle to many newcomers in the Pacific Northwest that the Portland *Oregonian* feels called upon to define it again. In the early history of Oregon, it says, there was a tribe of Indians known as Chinooks, on the Lower Columbia, and a point or headland there known as Chinook Point.

A warm wind used to blow at times in the winter from the region inhabited by the Chinooks, so it came to be called a chinook wind. Of course, the Chinooks did not originate the wind, and of course it blew in many other places throughout the Northwest: but as in

those days this region was largely unsettled by whites, and as there were no weather bureaus, very little was known or heard of this warm wind, except that it occasionally blew over or from the country of the Chinooks, and thus received its name, which has followed the settlement of the Northwest.

DESTINY.

Sailing out upon life's ocean,
Souls are tossing to and fro,
Till together two are drifting
Side by side, and learn to know
All the joy the other brings them;
Then they both are loath to part,
For 'tis destiny uniting
Soul to soul and heart to heart.

Strange it seems, those souls are growing,
Each one in the other's life
So important; were they parted,
Life would seem a useless strife.
Destiny, sly Cupid's workman,
Weaves a web to join two hearts,
Till they both are taken captive;—
Love her sweet joy then imparts.

In a web of fascination,
Destiny unites and binds;
Loving hearts she weaves together,
When the soul's true mate she finds.
And they wonder how it happened
They were drawn together so,
For the unseen power that guided
They could scarcely see or know.

MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT.
Moorestown, N. J.

OVER THE HILLS.

Oh, when the great, green world was younger,
(Oh, it is old, so old, today!)
I longed to go over the great hills yonder,
Into the world, and far away.

When the years came, I met them gladly,
(Oh, but they seemed so long to stay!)
I thought that each o'er the hills would lead me
Into the world, and far away.

Care they brought me, and bitter sorrow,
(Long grew the nights, and long the day;)
But I thought of the path the great hills over,
Into the world and far away.

"Soon thou shalt seek it," my heart said to me,
("Bide thy time, till the happy day;")
Thou shalt go wandering the great hills over,
Into the world, and far away."

Ah, but still I bide in the valley—
(Darker the nights, and longer the day;)
And I never shall pass the great hills over
Into the world, and far away.

NINETTE M. LOWATER.
Rock Elm, Wis.

A RAINY DAY IN CAMP.

The wind from off the river is heavy laid with wet,
The boys sit 'round disconsolate, though trying not to fret;
The water drips from off the trees, and everything is damp,
A trying time for temper, this—a rainy day in camp.

The mist is drifting drearily adown the open ridges,
Or forming spans, from hill to hill, we liken unto bridges;
Our horses stand disgusted, with a look we know,
though dumb,
And we—Well, just at present, we wish we hadn't come.

A wetter moon, if anything, succeeds the dismal morn;
We sit around and yarn and smoke, and smother many a yawn.
Our genial Jim has got a straw, and tries to tease the pup,
While Joe and Ed are on the bed, a playing seven-up.

The blessed night has come at length, we'll drown our woe in sleep.
Soon other sounds—we call them snores—will echo loud and deep.
And mingle with the pattering rain and restless horses' stamp.
While we will dream of sun and fun, this rainy night in camp.

Westlake, Id.

J. B. RICE.

PACIFIC COAST SHIPMENTS OF COTTON.

The cotton crop of 1897-98 is estimated by John Hyde, statistician of the Department of Agriculture, in a recent report at 10,897,857 commercial bales. This was produced in fifteen

half of it went to Great Britain, and one-fourth to Germany. Japan, as a consumer of American cotton, is rapidly increasing her demands upon us. In 1889 that country took but forty-seven bales of cotton from the United States; in 1898 the quantity taken was 224,214 bales,

44,707 to Seattle, and 60,893 to San Francisco. In addition to these, 1,020 bales are reported as sent from Mississippi to "Pacific Ports." All the cotton sent to Portland, Tacoma, and San Francisco, omitting Mississippi from the account, was from Texas. That sent to Seattle,



AN ARTISTIC GROUPING IN THE GAME PRESERVES OF THE GREAT NORTHWEST.

States and two Territories—Kansas, Kentucky, and Utah being low down among the producers, and Texas, Mississippi, and Georgia being way up. Of this vast quantity of cotton, 7,700,529 bales went to foreign countries. About one-

about half going by ship from Pacific ports.

For the purpose of supplying the Orientals by way of the Pacific Coast six States were drawn from, and of the cotton sent by them 400 bales went to Portland, 23,154 to Tacoma,

also omitting Mississippi, was from Indian Territory, Tennessee, Oklahoma, and Texas. For a first year, or beginning, this is an excellent showing—an indication of greater things in the future.

OF THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST.

By L. G. Wilcoxson.

The Pacific Northwest proposes to become the commercial Eden of the United States. This salient claim is based on the most substantial foundation on which prosperity can build—the natural resources of the country—agriculture, lumber, mining, fishing, and shipping.

Since the impetus of the Alaska excitement, commerce in this part of the country is assuming mighty proportions. Home industries are active, and there is the biggest influx of emigration toward the Coast ever before experienced. Among the notable proofs of this steady advance is the increasing percentage of higher wages paid by the different concerns, and the increasing percentage of bank deposits and post-office receipts.

a small percentage of its estimated capacity, if fully tilled, while the wheat belt of Eastern Washington has an estimated yield of about as much more. The four Pacific Coast States produce 13.3 per cent of the total wheat crop of the Union, and an immense part of this great output is sold to China, Japan, Siberia, and South America in the shape of flour.

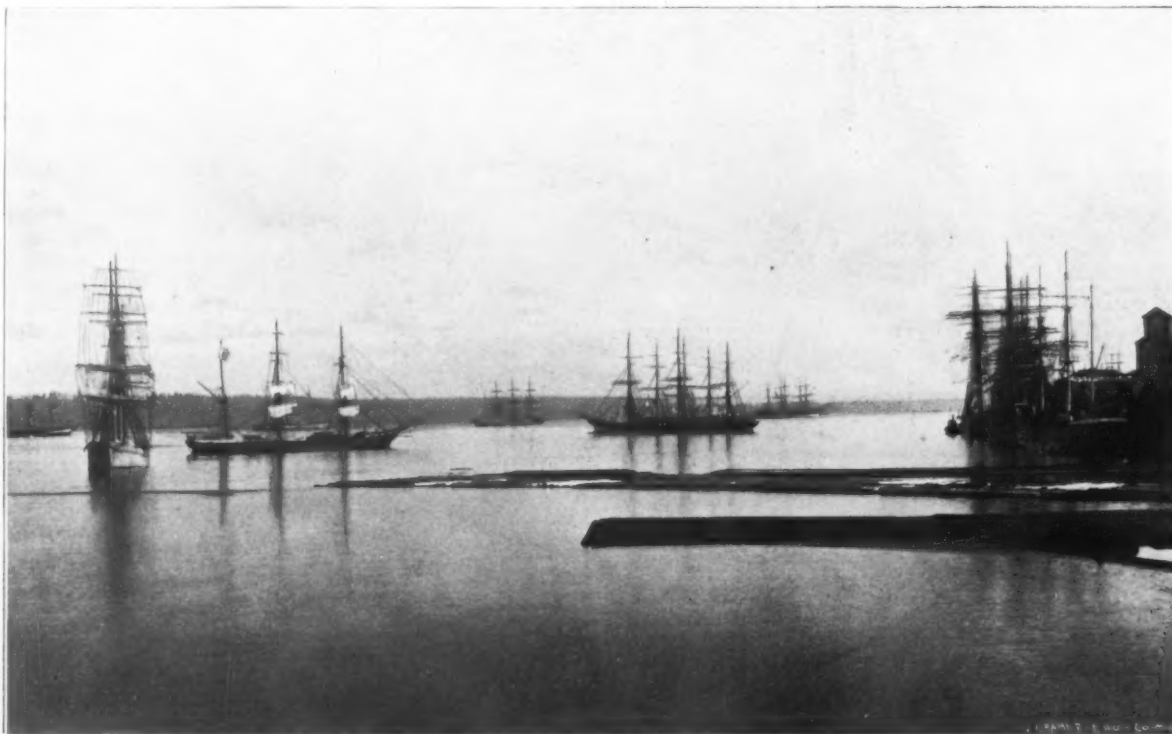
Another source of great wealth lies in the mighty forests of Oregon and Washington. Eighteen per cent of the standing timber in the United States is found in Washington alone, from which State about 8,000 car-loads of lumber, etc., are shipped annually over the transcontinental railways. Many of the saw-mills work both day and night. The milling and logging interests were never so lively.

prospects for 1899 are fully as good. Add to the foregoing industries those of fruit culture, hop culture, dairying and stock-growing, and other wonderful wealth-producing resources are made known.

Take any line of trade, agriculture, manufacture, jobbing, or mining, and the climate, soil, water, and mineral resources seem to open for it a vast and prosperous field. Washington will, without doubt, be the garden spot of the West. It contains whole territories of timber tracts, richest fruit and agricultural lands, immense deposits of coal, copper, iron, and gold, and all so situated that they are accessible to railways as well as to capitalists.

There are two lines of industry, however, which appear to be entirely untenanted; and from natural conditions it looks as though money might be made out of both. That of starch-making is one. There is no place on earth where potatoes will grow more prolifically than in Washington—where they will produce seven hundred to eight hundred bushels to an acre, planted five rows to a rod, and the rows three feet apart.

Another missing industry is the making of



HARBOR SCENE AT TACOMA, ON PUGET SOUND.

One great factor in this unceasing development is the fact that the Puget Sound Country has every facility for port commercial enterprises. Railroad tracks run from the doors of every factory and industry in the Sound cities to the very edge of the wharves, affording convenient and economical transit from vessel to cars and vice versa, and the Puget Sound dry-dock at Quartermaster Harbor is the only commercial dry-dock in American waters north of San Francisco. Ocean commerce comes to these Coast ports naturally, and the exchange of commodities with the Far East countries is assuming such vast proportions that there is now one continuous outcry for greater carrying capacity.

Wheat is the great agricultural product. About 40,000,000 bushels were exported in 1897, with 2,000,000 barrels of flour; and last year's exports were still larger. The Columbia basin alone puts out about 20,000,000 bushels a year—

Great cargoes of lumber leave daily for foreign ports. Every country in the world has received this lumber—even Norway. Last year's shipments of lumber, lath, and shingles from Washington amounted to over three billion feet.

But Washington has coal as well as timber. From its own coal-beds coal is shipped to every quarter of the globe. The most of this traffic goes through Tacoma, where there are a lot of electric coal-bunkers, the only ones of the kind in the world. The coal is dumped into the bunkers from the cars, carted by electricity to the vessel, and loaded aboard ship at the rate of 1,200 tons an hour. The amount of coal shipped from the State during the month of November was over 175,000 tons, and the amount of coal mined in Washington last year was 1,775,257 tons.

The ship-building industry on Puget Sound is growing rapidly, also. Several hundred vessels were built and launched last year, and the

perfumes. In a land where roses bloom out of doors from January till December and during the summer and fall in greatest profusion; where violets may be found under the snow—where pansies grow as big as saucers, and other flowers proportionately, why would not an enterprising perfumer do well to look at the field?

It is a wonderful country, the Pacific Northwest. The healthful, delightful climate makes it a comfortable place for the laboring classes. The midsummer does not bring the excessive heat, nor the midwinter the excessive cold, of the Middle and Eastern States. The expanding industries are open doors to wage-earners, and the rich soils hold forth alluring prospects to would-be growers of fruit and grain.

We dare not tell the truth about the Pacific Northwest, lest we be not believed; we must temper the facts to the Eastern understanding. We must do like the Irishman working for the

rich New England farmer. In writing home, he said:

"On' me faith, Biddy, Oi have meat *three times a week*."

"Why, Pat," said his master, who was acting as scribe, "you have it three times a day!"

"Faith, yer honor, an' Oi know that ez well ez yerself, but Oi must wroite phat they will belave!"

For instance, in Western Washington there are little farms, hidden seventy miles in the wilderness and reached only by a pack-mule train, where the ranchers live with their families and grow their living crops of grain, small fruits and vegetables in lavish abundance. It is one of these farmers who shows a tree, ten feet in diameter and two hundred and eighty feet long, which he finished sawing through one Saturday afternoon. It did not fall, and he failed in his efforts to pry it over; and there it stood for six days—the air was so still, so free from winds. He shows a cabbage-stalk of four years' growth. The first year it produced a fine head, the second year three heads, the third year five heads, and the fourth year seven good-sized, well-matured cabbage-heads grew on that stalk. He also shows a potato-patch, just behind the kitchen, which he says he never planted at all, but produced its annual crop from the potato parings that were thrown out the kitchen window. These read like yarns, but they are simple truths. Farmers in the older States can have little idea of the strength and fertility of the soils in these Coast States, where Nature is so lavish with her blessings that he who plans well, and who toils industriously, cannot help acquiring a competence against the allotted span of life. Young men who come here need not toil a lifetime for a competence; and old men who seek this land to begin life over again, will yet find time in which to achieve ultimate success.

A SLUMBER SONG OF THE SEA.

Hush! Little pet.
Ah, not quite yet
Thine heavy eyelids close;
For mother spies
In baby's eyes
Another likeness that she knows.

Hold fast my hand with tight'ning grip,
For just that curve of brow and lip
I love to see—
The dimpled nestling of thy chin,
The hollow of my hand within,
Is sweet to me.

Now, cuddle close,
And lend thy cooing undertone
In prayer for Father, who alone
The wide seas roam, that thou and I
May snugly housed and sheltered lie.
Dost hear it boom along the beach—
Thy friend and mine—just out of reach?
We hear its jeweled fingers play—
Friend we so love—friend we so dread,
Who flings us life, but holds our dead
As hostage—till the Judgment Day.

Over the bright stars of thine eyes
No soft-winged little dream-bird flies,
But the stormy petrel's angry scream
Is the note that colors all thy dream;
And the downward sweep of his flashing eye,
Makes the heart of the sailor's babe beat high.
No inland-born art thou, my sweet!
No fettered soul in crowding street,
But child of the rocks, the dreary moor,
Of the wild winds rattling at the door;
A favored son of the boisterous sea,
Whose sweetest lullaby is for thee!

So, safely slumber in my arms,
Drownd by the ocean's wild alarms,
'Till Father comes, some happy day,
A sailing, sailing o'er the Bay—
A sailing, sailing o'er the Bay,
Some happy day,
Some—happy—day!

THORN SESSIONS.

NAVIGATION ON PUGET SOUND.

It is a mystery with many how the numerous steamers that ply on Puget Sound can navigate this land-locked arm of the sea, during seasons of heavy fog, and meet with so few accidents from collision or grounding. With unlimited sea room and a staunch craft and trusty crew, the Seattle (Wash.) Times says, the skilled mariner has little to fear in the storm or fog; but with a dense atmosphere of fog and smoke, scores of vessels coming and going over a common course, and where a straight run of but a league, or often but a few ships' length, would plow a furrow in a mud flat or knock the cornice off a hidden reef, the case is far different. It is then that the skipper or pilot must keep all his faculties on the alert and not relax his watchfulness for an instant, lest he bring destruction to his vessel and jeopardize the lives confided to his care.

Navigation of the Sound in thick, foggy weather taxes the hearing quite as much as the eyesight. The United States laws governing navigation require that when in motion a steamship during thick weather must sound its whistle at intervals of not longer than a minute, while sailing-vessels must correspondingly sound a fog-horn. While at anchor during thick weather, the steamer's or the ship's bell must be rung at short intervals. The man at the wheel or on the bridge determines by the character of the recurring sounds whether a vessel is approaching or receding. When two vessels find that they are approaching each other, one or the other signifies by whistle which side it prefers in passing. If one blast is given it means, "I wish to pass to the right, or starboard;" if two, to the left, or port. The other vessel must promptly answer, designating which side it prefers. This rule obtains in fair or foggy weather, day or night.

So dense is the foggy, smoky atmosphere at times that two large steamships might pass within 100 feet of each other without either being seen by people on the opposite vessel. During foggy weather on the water, near-by objects often appear to be at a long distance. Some of these optical deceptions are quite ludicrous in character. For example, a small stick only a few rods ahead will resemble a large saw-log 500 yards away.

But collisions with other vessels is by no means the greatest menace to navigation during very foggy weather. Great care and skill are requisite to keep clear of rocks and the shore. In ordinary clear weather the captain notes down the time required in traveling over each "leg" of a course, and the exact direction of the same. This record is called the "book of courses and time." When, by reason of very dark nights or foggy weather, the landmarks of the shore are indiscernible, the pilot has recourse to his record and attempts to follow out, by aid of the compass and chronometer, the chart indicated therein.

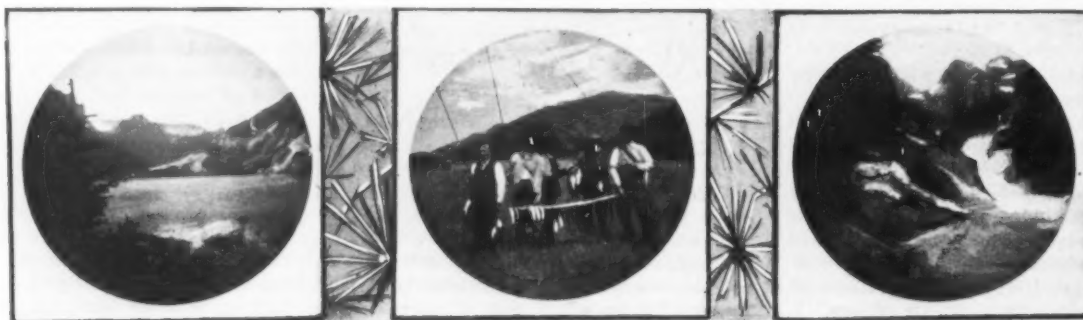
Whenever an echo follows closely upon the blast of the whistle, the pilot knows that he is near shore. Sound travels about 1,200 feet per second; hence, by dividing the number of seconds intervening between whistle and echo, the approximate distance to the shore is determined. A bluff, ledge of rocks, or wall of forest, gives back a very distinct echo.

Dangers multiply in thick weather in proportion to the narrowness and crookedness of the channel and the number of islands scattered over the route. When a steamer starts for a certain port in a fog, she is headed as the book of courses indicates, and kept in that course till the known distance is nearly covered, when the pilot sounds his whistle and the returning echo indicates how correct have been his calculations. The writer has traveled from one end of Hood Canal to the other end during the thickest weather, when one could not see the length of a small launch ahead, and has seen the steamer make one port after another and dock with safety and ease without the pilot once missing, by half a minute, or by the distance of fifty yards, in his calculations. He has seen the same skill exhibited in navigating among the numberless islands and tortuous channels of the down-Sound country.

The reader must not conclude, however, that the book of courses and the compass tell the navigator all that is necessary to pull him through in safety. There are many other things to consider. It must be borne in mind that the currents and winds are constantly varying. The direction and force of the tides must be kept in sight. To aid in this a nautical guide is one of the indispensables of the pilot-house. This guide informs the skipper all about the time and force of the tides. With the same head of steam on the vessel may not necessarily make the same speed as the book of courses indicates that she has on former occasions. She will go faster or slower, according to the currents. Or the currents may strike her sideways or quartering, causing her to drift. Then again, the wood may be green, or the coal of poor steaming quality, or the bottom of the vessel may be foul, any of which causes lessens her speed. The reader can readily see how difficult must be the task of calculating to a nicety where so many and varied factors are to be reckoned with, and yet the fact remains that accidents are of rare occurrence, and that the Sound steamers are generally on time, rain or shine, clear or foggy.

Vessels in our Coast trade are nearly always in sight of land, but they make it a point to sail by "courses" with great regularity, even though the weather be fine, for fog and mist and thick darkness are a standing menace, and when the strained vision cannot pierce more than fifty or a hundred feet through the thick atmosphere, the mariner must depend solely upon his charts, his book of courses, and his speed register. There are two ways of calculating the speed a vessel is making where no stationary object is in sight with which to compare. One is the known speed which a certain number of revolutions of the propeller gives in still water, and the other is by a "log" trolling behind the vessel. This log spins around, and thus records the speed with which it is traveling through the water. But here again it will be seen that the motion of the tides and other oceanic currents must be taken into account. The writer has heard it asserted by steamship captains and pilots that vessels have been known to leave San Francisco in a fog and never sight land till they docked at Port Townsend or Seattle, in Washington. As "old salts" are generally strictly veracious, this statement must go until disproved.

A LONG TELEPHONE SYSTEM.—The Pacific Coast system of telephone wires is the longest in the world, the circuit extending from Livingston, Mont., to San Diego, California. It costs \$18 to talk between the points five minutes. The total length of the circuit is 2,161 miles, or 561 miles longer than the circuit between Kansas City and Boston.



A FAMOUS MINNESOTA REGION.

The streams in Northeastern Minnesota flowing into Lake Superior, says a Duluth correspondent, afford an accessible and interesting field to the lover of brook-trout fishing. The heights of land extending in a northeasterly and southwesterly direction in this part of the State form the watershed which directs the waters of this general region northward to Hudson's Bay, westward to the Mississippi River, or eastward to the St. Lawrence. The rivers belonging to this latter system are rarely more than forty or fifty miles long, rising as they do in the Vermillion Iron Range and emptying into Lake Superior. But what they might lack in length they make up in the turbulence of their descent and the purity of their waters. The source of these streams is generally about 1,000 feet above the level of the lake, thus affording throughout their entire length sufficient fall to keep their waters pure and confined in a succession of pools and rapids, essential conditions for the successful growth of brook trout. In addition to such flattering conditions, these streams flow through a region richly endowed with vast deposits of native iron ore, which strongly impregnates every cubic foot of soil. The mines near the headwaters of these streams are the richest iron producers in the world. Water containing iron in solution is a tonic which has added color to many a pale cheek, and given renewed energy to many a lagging step; and it appears to have had an enlivening influence on the fish in these streams, for the trout seem to be possessed of an unusual energy of spirit and gaminess of disposition, so that, under ordinary conditions, the fly or worm is carried away with an eagerness not experienced in more languid waters.

The region traversed by these streams, with the exception of about thirty miles of the extreme western end of the lake near the city of Duluth, is one of native wildness, being densely covered with a forest growth of pine, spruce, cedar, and fir. So dense is this wooded growth, that as yet it is only penetrated by the trails of the timber cruiser and the iron explorer. The only means of access to it is by boat from Duluth, Minn., or Port Arthur, Canada, between which places the Booth Packing Company's boat, the Hiram R. Dixon, makes two weekly round trips for the purpose of carrying passengers and freight and gathering up the white-fish and lake trout caught by the many fishermen living along these shores.

One bright morning two companions and myself boarded the Dixon at Duluth, and were soon plowing the clear, green waters of Lake Superior bound for a week's trout-fishing in the north-shore streams. Our camping outfit was complete with tent, blankets, cooking utensils and provisions, together with a liberal supply of dope as a protection against the swarms of

mosquitoes and black flies which infest that region. After a pleasant run of ten hours the captain sent us ashore in an open boat, and landed us at the mouth of the Devil's Track, a stream which acquired its name from the peculiar contour of its devious windings. Our tent was soon pitched near the cool lake shore, the water front being chosen for a camping-ground as a protection against the mosquitoes, it being too cold for them to come near the water. After supper was cooked and eaten, we sat around a roaring camp-fire preparing our tackle in anticipation of an early morning cast in the broiling stream. The 100-mile ride in the cool, brisk air of old Superior had well prepared us for an early retiring and a sound night's rest, consequently we were soon fast asleep.

Next morning's sun, as it rose big, bright and round out of the great lake's shining waters, found us casting flies into the swirling pools of the rapid Devil's Track; and not without substantial result, either, for as the fly would swing over the pool and fall into the eddy under the shadow of the rock forming the opposite bank, there would be a quick parting of the water, a strike, a splash, and a swishing of the line as the whirling reel fed it out to the fast disappearing trout. After the momentary surprise was over, the fish was checked in his wild career and safely landed and creeled—a beautiful two-pound specimen of the finny tribe, with mottled markings on the back, and beautiful crimson spots on the sides. This experience was repeated many times in eddy, rapids, and pool for two hours, at the end of which time our creels were filled and our desire for such sport was fully satisfied for the time being.

Camp was sought and breakfast of cracked wheat, toast, fried potatoes, trout, and coffee prepared and eaten with a satisfaction and appreciation which could not be found in the finest hotel of the continent. After breakfast the fish remaining in our creels were drawn and each rolled in leaves of fern, and all were packed in moss and placed in a cool retreat near the lake shore. Here, if not ravaged by a mink or a weasel, they could be kept sweet and pure for many days, so cool is Superior's water. This lake has a temperature so low that animal life drowned in it forms no gases, hence it never gives up its dead from its depths.

After lounging around camp for several hours, sleeping, smoking, and enjoying the cool, fresh breeze from off the lake, totally oblivious of the far-away busy world, and entirely free from business cares and petty annoyances of everyday life, we again sought the stream, where the success and delights of the morning were repeated. Minnesota has on its statute books a law which prohibits the taking of brook

trout less than six inches in length, nor is one person allowed to catch and keep more than fifty fish per day. But what need had we of such a law? We found no fish less than eight inches in length, for we were fishing with large flies in an eager stream, and we were out for an entire week. Surely we would not possess the spirit of true sportsmen if we returned home after a week's fishing with more than 300 brook trout each. We were out for sport and enjoyment, and not for destruction and annihilation. Minnesota has also wisely, in her efforts to preserve this fast disappearing fish, prohibited the selling of brook trout under any conditions, the penalty being a very severe fine. This law also prohibits hotels, restaurants and public eating-houses from serving them in any manner on their tables or having them under their control.

After two delightful days spent in this way along the Devil's Track, we hailed some passing Indians and hired them to row us twenty miles further up the shore to the Reservation River, a beautiful stream which takes its name from the fact that it forms the western boundary of the Pigeon Indian Reservation. Here we found the trout quite plentiful, but not quite so large as in the Devil's Track, it being a much smaller stream and fished more by the near-by Indians. After a stop here of a day and a night we pushed on thirty miles farther to the Pigeon River, which forms the boundary line between Canada and the United States for a distance of nearly 100 miles. This river is not only noted as a good fishing resort, but it has a historical interest as well, being the natural and usual route in the early days traveled by the great fur companies in reaching the Far West. At the mouth of this stream the Hudson Bay Company, 100 years before the Declaration of Independence was signed, had erected large warehouses, depots, and stockades for the storing and protection of its furs and supplies. Here, at a time when Elliot was teaching the Indians within six miles of Boston Harbor, there was a town with 1,000 people, with a municipal government. To this point twice a year the voyageurs would come by river and lake from Montreal, bringing supplies, and returning with their boats heavily laden with rich pelts taken from the otter, beaver, sable and fox in the far interior. At the post, known as Ft. Charlotte, the voyageurs would be met in the spring and autumn by the couriers de bois and trappers from the interior, who had carried their packs of furs over mountain and plain, down rivers and through lakes, 2,000 miles from the far-away Oregon and Saskatchewan. When the exchange of furs had been made for supplies, and the packs were ready for the sledge and back, and the boats stood laden at anchor in the river's mouth,

ready for the home return, there was a grand feast and frolic. Long tables in the banquet-hall groaned under the immense load of steaming venison, bear, turkey, cariboo, and fish, while around them gathered the light-hearted boatmen and the more solemn man of the forest, with perhaps quite a few dusky maidens, induced from their native tribes. After the feast there came the pipe and the flowing bowl. Then the tables were cleared, and to the music of bagpipe and violin the remaining night was tripped away. On the morrow both courier and voyageur betook himself, unrefreshed, to his heavy task.

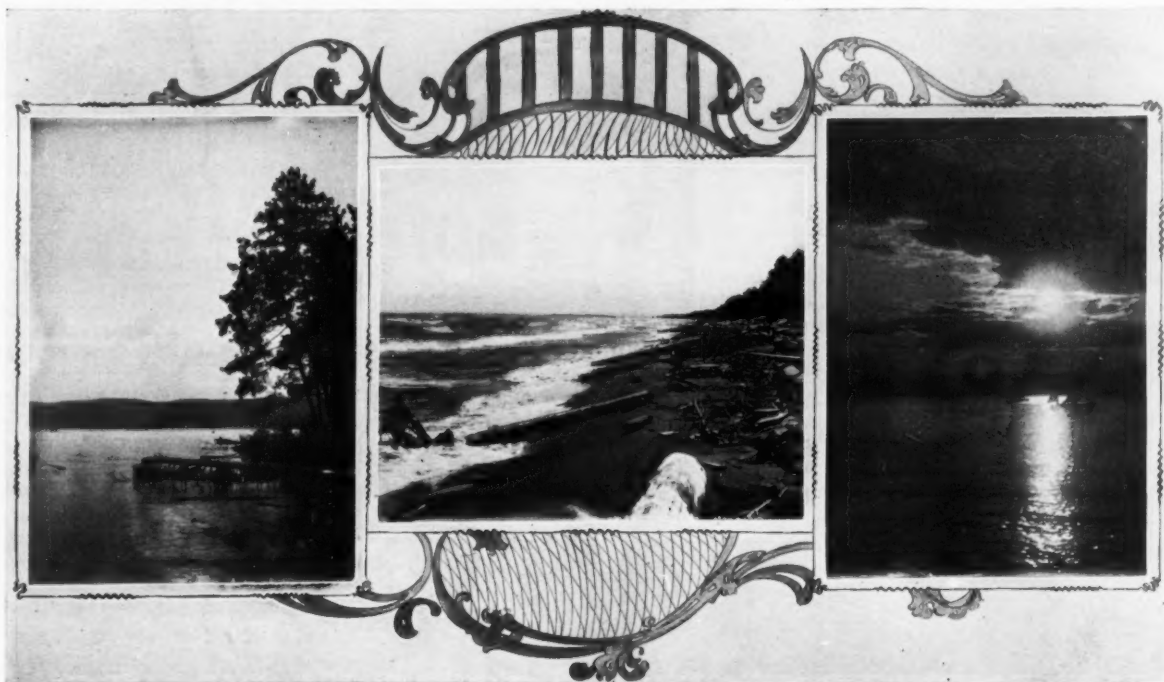
Today nothing remains on the site of so much life and activity except the red burnt ruins of a couple of stone chimneys, and a dense second-growth of forest trees.

Two miles from the mouth of the river its waters fall over a perpendicular precipice 120 feet high, making a very picturesque waterfall indeed. We were apprehensive lest this obstruction in the stream would interfere with the ascent of the trout, but our fears were groundless, for we found more desirable fish

STRANGE PROVISIONS OF NATURE.

One of the strangest, as well as the wisest, provisions of nature, says an old hunter, is that which protects a doe deer, as well as some other female animals, from enemies of the carnivorous species during the period when the offspring is very young. Between the toes of all the feet will be found a hole which extends into the foot about an inch, terminating in a sack in which is secreted a musk or scent of a very strong odor. Ordinarily, when the deer is walking, the air leaves enough scent in each track to enable a dog or a wolf to follow it several hours after it has been made; but the foot of the doe is changed for several months after the fawn is born. The glands, if glands they are, dry up, and there is not a bit of odor in the track; and no dog, not even the best deer-hound, is able to follow the trail. Many good hounds have lost their reputations by failing to follow the trail of a female bear with cubs, and perhaps a deer also. And now that the subject is at hand, one might well wonder if other things are protected in like manner.

It is very rare indeed that a young moose or deer is found by a hunter, owing to the vast amount of territory in which it may be concealed; but when one is found, it is as motionless as a stick of wood, and can often be caught in the hands before it will attempt to run, though possessing sufficient strength to make its escape from a man. I have often seen calf elk lying in tall grass or bushes, and could easily approach to within ten feet of them before they would become startled. The scent of a wolf or bear is far more useful in stalking its prey than its eyesight, and it does not require a second thought for one to see that a young animal would be the easiest prey imaginable unless it had some other means of defense than lying still. Young animals of these species are very nimble at a very tender age, but if its foe could approach to within one bound while it was lying down, its nimbleness would avail nothing. By this I do not mean to be understood as saying that young animals are never preyed upon, for such is far from the case, because I have seen the remains of many elk calves, but not in sufficient numbers to con-



IN THE LAKE SUPERIOR REGION.

than we could in good countenance take along with us. In addition to brook trout we also found in this river fine specimens of wall-eyed pike, and quite a few land-locked salmon. The Pigeon River is a wild and precipitous stream, having the steepest descent of any on the north shore. At very short intervals it pours over precipices fifty or seventy-five feet high, or rushes down a steep rapids into deep pools below. The appearance of the land-locked salmon in this stream is accounted for by such obstructions in the river, if one is willing to accept the current theory that this most beautiful fish is nothing more nor less than the lake trout caught and retained for many generations.

After a most delightful stay on the Pigeon for three days, my companions and I hailed the Dixon on her return trip, as she came toward the mainland from the beautiful Isle Royal, and were soon safely ensconced in our snug staterooms, homeward bound for Duluth, each possessed with the firm determination to again visit these most delightful haunts at no distant day.

Anyone who has hunted birds, knows well with what precision a dog will follow the track of a bird, and with what dispatch he will smell out one that has fallen and hid itself in the grass; but if the same dog were put after a brood of young grouse which had scattered and hid itself in the grass, under the leaves and in all the unaccountable places that they have a faculty of vanishing into, the master would certainly find that for once his dog was at its wits' end.

Some may argue that nothing could be much more odorless than tracks made by a cowhide boot, and it is well known that dogs will follow the tracks of their masters in a marvelous manner, but the fact remains the same.

One fairly good proof that young animals are protected from their canine foes by failing to reveal their places of concealment by scent, is noticed in the following facts: The young deer, elk, and moose are always concealed by the mothers in some thicket or well-chosen spot where they lie quietly for hours, or until the mother again joins them.

vince me that they were guided by other than eyesight.

Consider the situation of a flock of ruffed grouse, concealed in the grass and leaves, upon being surprised by a fox. The hen, of course, attempts to decoy him away by feigning wing-broken or wounded, but whether she succeeded or not, he would be pretty sure to return to the trail and smell out every one of the brood if it was possible to do so. A flock of young grouse, when suddenly surprised, will be seen to vanish in the ground like magic, and it is seldom that one of them can be found; and the aid of a dog is of little or no account, because he either cannot or will not find them.

LAKE SUPERIOR WINTERS.—People who live at the head of Lake Superior say it is wrong to suppose that the lake has anything to do with the intense coldness which sometimes prevails there. It is said that all the cold waves come from the land sides, not from the lake. The waters of the lake continue warm and unfrozen the year round.

AN OUTLINE PICTURE OF ANACONDA, MONT.

By E. A. Evans.

What the city of Anaconda does not owe to its mines and smelters would not be worth mentioning. Imagine a city of ten or fifteen thousand population nestled between mountains covered with snow on one side, and sending forth smoke like active volcanoes on the other side, in a valley less than a mile across its greatest extent—with no available farmland or other apparent source of wealth, but handsomely built up in brick, with all modern improvements—fine water-works, steam heat, electric lights and cars, telephone service, etc., and you have a mental view of Anaconda. Walk through the city; the streets are short, and it will not take you long. Notice the fine brick school buildings—four large ones within a distance of two miles; the fine public library; the large hospital; the eight imposing churches in brick and stone; the beautiful residences. Observe the building operations now going on in the business districts, and also note the new residences, estimated at three hundred thousand dollars in value, which were erected the past year. Observe the people—how well dressed they appear. There is no ragged, thinly-clothed, poverty-stricken class here; all appear comfortable, and well-fed. Even the dogs are too fat to bark, and rub against you expecting a caress.

The source of all this income was plainly shown in business circles when, a few days before Christmas, some of the smelter men struck and there was danger that the smelters would shut down. Every business man in the town drew his purse-strings tighter, not knowing how long the strike would last, and understanding perfectly well that a semi-state of business paralysis would ensue until the smelters resumed operations again. In order that readers

may realize what the value of one of these copper smelters is to the community, we take the following report of the Anaconda Company from the *Standard*:

"In the twelve months reported, 1,441,000 tons of ore were shipped from the mines of Butte to the Anaconda smelter, to be sent forth in 124,418,000 pounds of copper, 5,074,036 ounces

000 for powder, and \$41,700 for candles in the mines."

The *Standard* sums up the whole amount of business done at twenty-two and one-half millions. This is what one smelter has done for Anaconda. Do you wonder that the citizens look forward to the opening of another similar institution—the Washoe Smelter—during the coming year with feelings too large to express? This company, it is understood, has wealth sufficient to operate as largely as the Anaconda concern, so long at the head of smelter industries here. The Washoe folks have already begun ditching for their water supply, south of the city, and they have purchased the Diamond coal-fields of Wyoming and the lumber plant at Bonner, Montana, which carries the largest

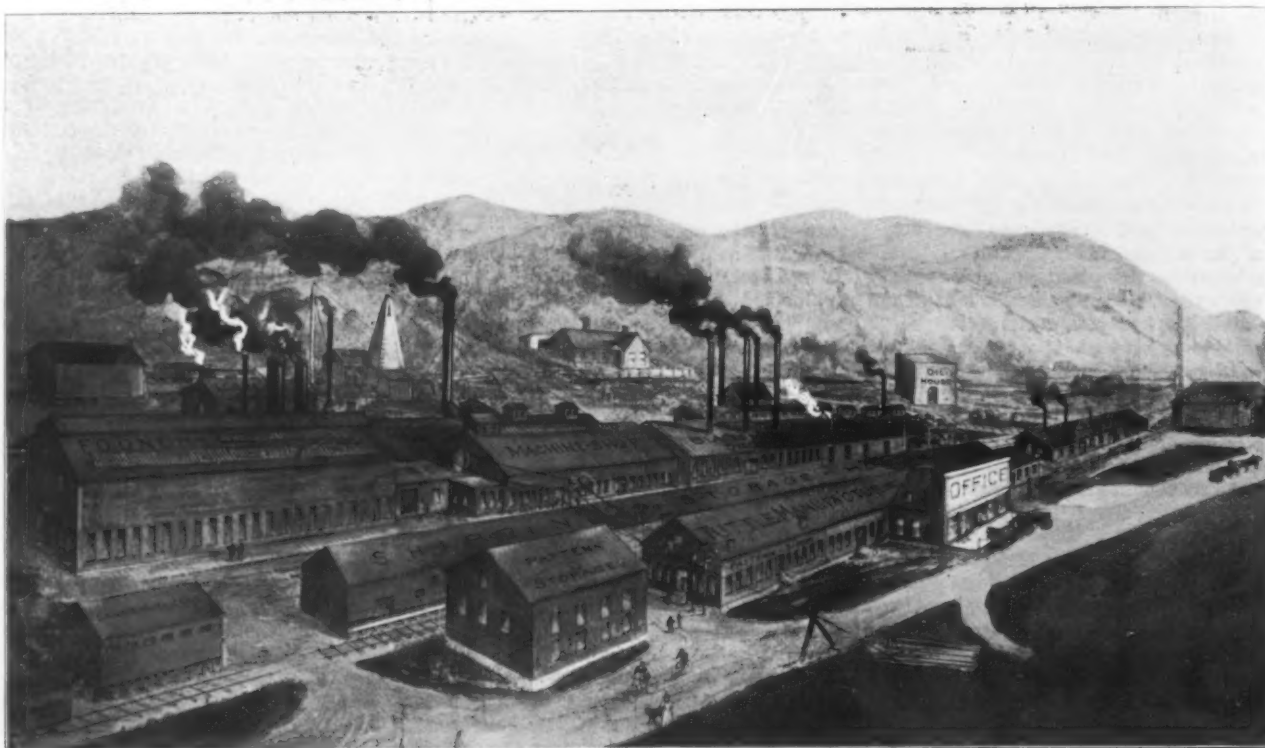


MONTANA HOTEL, ANACONDA, ONE OF THE FINEST PUBLIC HOUSES IN MONTANA.

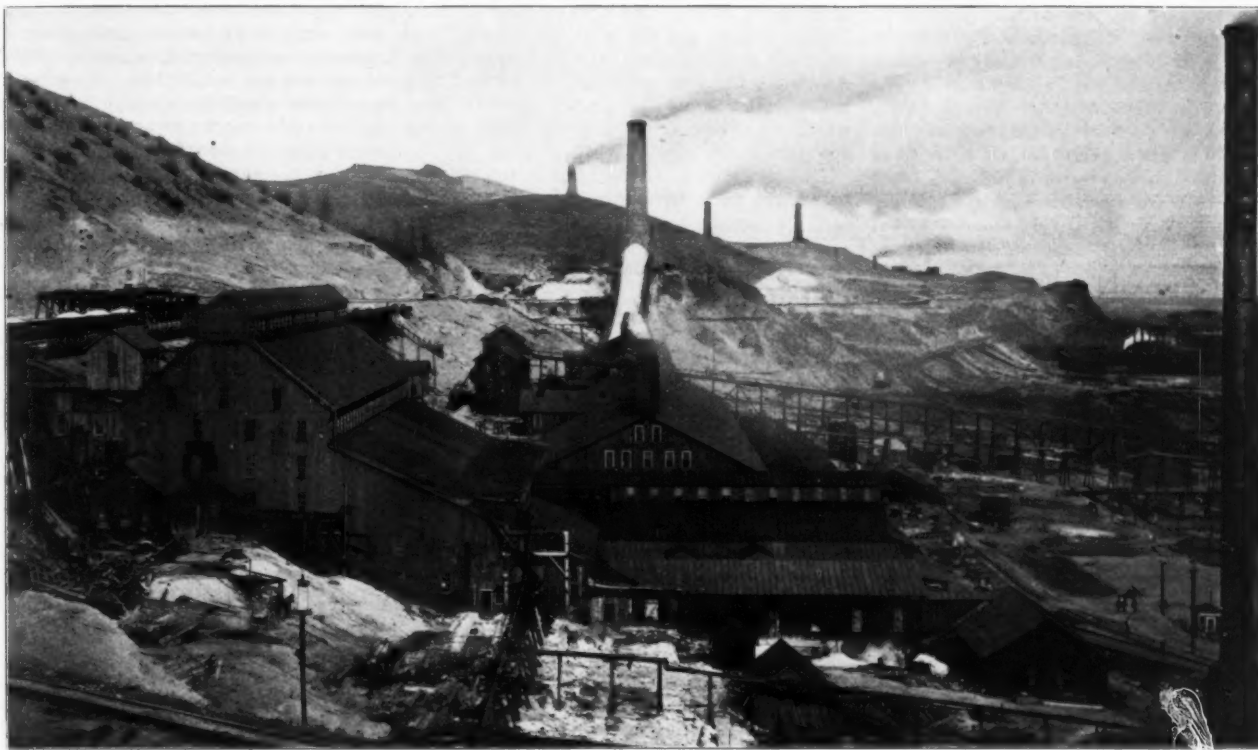
of silver, and 16,610 ounces of gold. For the immense amount of labor represented by these reports the company paid over six and one-fourth millions of dollars. Express paid on precious metals amounted to \$14,000; with \$150,-

timber supply in private ownership in Montana.

To get any idea of the immensity of these great smelter works, one must go through them. We started with the first process, which consists in washing the ore. Here, we think,



THE GREAT FOUNDRY PLANT OF THE ANACONDA COPPER MINING COMPANY.



UPPER WORKS OF THE ANACONDA COPPER MINING COMPANY, THE LARGEST OF THE KIND IN THE WORLD.

must be the largest washing-machines on earth—or, rather, washing apparatus. Each machine consists of four plates or boards, so slanted that two impulses or shakes from diametrically opposite directions keeps up a motion that has given them the name "jigs," and causes the water, flowing constantly over them, to carry away all the light or waste material called "tailings." This waste is carried away in troughs or tanks devised for that purpose, and the water makes quite a little river. This machinery is all worked by steam, and in the long building twenty-five were operating in a row—two to four rows on each succeeding elevation of a few steps, until we had made four. On the last, or upper, floor we saw the steam stamp, an immense iron pounder which crushes the ore into powder for the machines below.

Going up still another stairway, or rather two, we found ourselves in the open air on a railroad track curving around the mountain top. In this track are the hoppers; and the cars, with floors arranged for that purpose, dump the ore as they pass along. From this mountain top Anaconda lay spread out below in the valley—a beautiful panorama of wide, white streets, red brick buildings, and evergreens—the snowy mountains back of and around all.

Now come the long lines of furnaces—where the ore is melted and skimmed, the light, or waste, material coming to the top and running off. This ore is run into water and cooled, making a copper matt about fifty-five per cent pure. These processes are continued from one furnace to another, the revolving furnace allowing the sulphur to escape freely. Lastly are the huge furnaces, where the men watch the rising fumes of sulphur, telling by the color of the smoke when the right condition is reached, and dumping or pouring it into moulds, from which comes the copper bar—99.9 per cent pure copper—shipped to the works in the East. All the water running off is full of copper. That pumped from the mines attracted the attention of a genius. He took out a lease of the stream and arranged a tank into which he

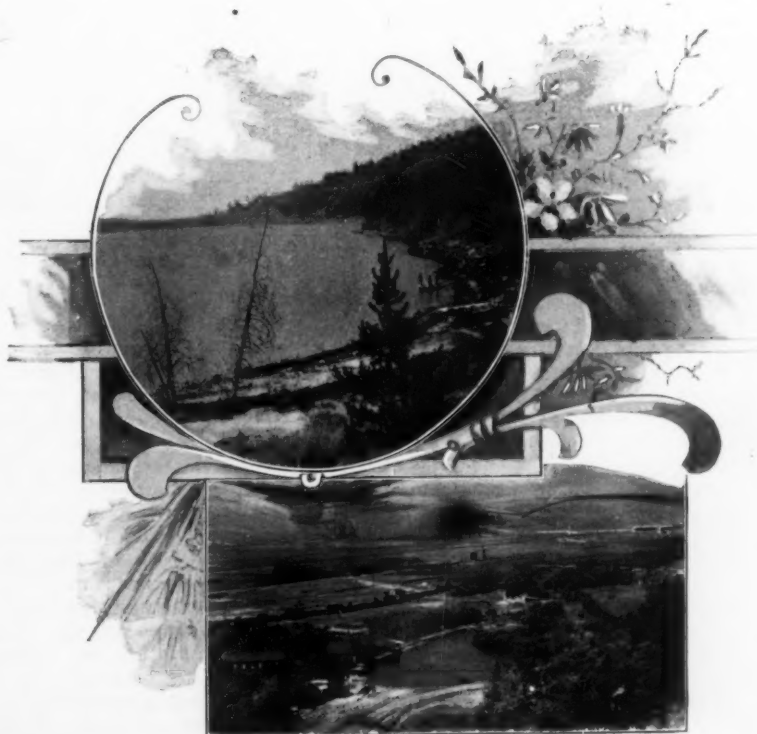
threw waste iron, which immediately became coated with pure copper. He realized a handsome fortune before his lease expired. The company now takes charge of this work itself, and finds it a very lucrative part of the business.

This company also operates one of the largest iron foundries in the West, where all sorts of repairing is done for the mines and works; but the large and expensive machines used are brought mostly from California.

In all the extensive operations of this com-

pany, including their large department stores and markets, which they open in all places where they have other interests, an immense working force is required, the pay-roll numbering 6,000 men.

Of course, I am well aware of the fact that this is a very superficial mention of a great industry, but it has been described so fully and so frequently in the columns of this magazine, that a more complete mention does not seem necessary at this time. The whole world knows

IN AND ABOUT ANACONDA, MONTANA.
Beautiful Silver Lake and Anaconda Park, in Anaconda.

that Montana is famed for her gold, silver, copper, and coal deposits, and equally familiar to people far and near is Anaconda, the name of one of the most enterprising cities between the Mississippi River and the Pacific Coast.

Now let us consider other things. Surrounded on all sides by mountains, we find that the climate is mild and healthful—not too cold in winter, nor too warm in summer. Only an hour's ride from Butte—with its sulphur smoke, Anaconda, with her excellent schools, fine churches, and well-maintained library, is made the home of many of Butte's wealthy business men. Already cosmopolitan in its citizenship, as all such localities are, you are not surprised to find business men who read only French, Belgian, German, etc. Here a handsome six-foot, broad-shouldered, high-headed young fellow with his blonde mustache, smiling blue eyes, and square, cleft chin, proclaims his Scotch-English origin before he tells you he is from Quebec or Ontario.

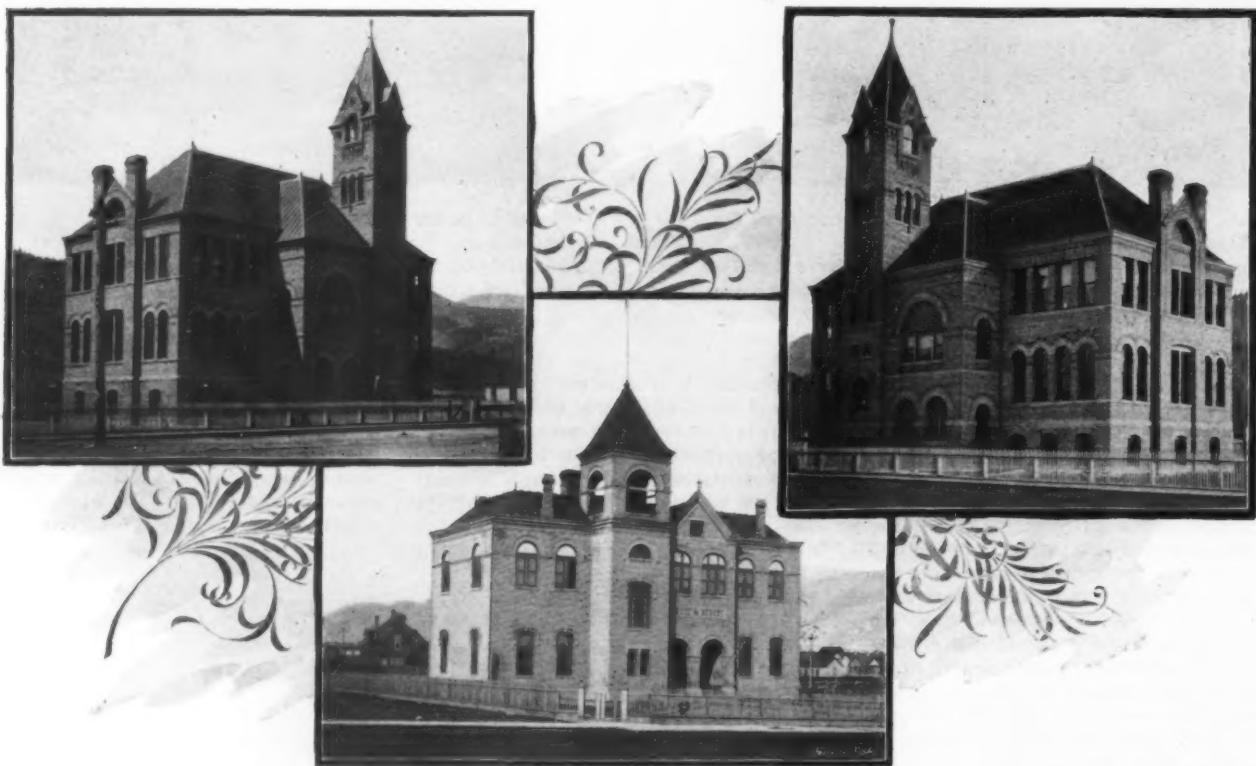
These Western people love amusements, as is

fine paintings and etchings, a large oil-portrait of Senator Hearst, and a water-color of Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, the donor of the library. Artistically grouped about are four large palms. Ascending the wide staircase, we are met face to face with Johnny Kellogg, the famous donkey which discovered a rich mine by rolling stones down the mountainside while grazing.

The small room at the head of the stairs is fitted out for a writing-room—where all material is furnished and is free to all. The large reading-room contains several electric chandeliers, besides many single lights. Here, too, are twenty monthlies, in spring-back covers. There is a beautiful copy of Audubon's Birds of America, one of the first editions, and a large tapestry showing the triumphal entry into his home city of a conqueror. The walls are adorned with pictures of leading statesmen, and prints of famous ancient temples devoted to learning. This is all the gift of one large-minded woman, who once lived as a miner's wife herself.

Each secured 160 acres of level, fertile land thickly covered with tall pines. The claimants were obliged by law to make their "home" upon the claims during fourteen months before they could get a full title. They had to have a sufficient dwelling in which to live, and they had to avoid staying away from the homestead more than six months at a time. The conditions were complied with. Both girls went up to their claims last July, and lived in their respective log-cabins for three weeks. Miss Geary also visited her untamed estate just after Christmas. Now Miss White is about to go back to her frost-bitten vine and her chilblained fig-tree.

The pretty pioneers regret deeply that they have been forced to stay so long away from home. But Miss White has been compelled to visit St. Paul, says her father, to be treated for nervous shock as the result of discovering a wildcat in her kitchen. Miss Geary has been constrained to linger here because she found the Chippewa language so difficult to "take"



A GROUP OF ANACONDA'S PUBLIC SCHOOL BUILDINGS.

shown by their well-patronized theaters. But it is to the Hearst Free Library—a memorial gift from the widow of Senator Hearst of California, and which was opened last summer to the citizens of Anaconda—that one turns with greatest delight. It is a large two-story brick, well lighted with big windows, finished with hardwood floors and stairway, and cost about \$50,000. On the first floor are five Japanned steel bookcases which hold 2,000 volumes each. Of historical works we find Carlyle, Gibbon, Rawlinson, Guizot, Thiers, Abbott, Prescott, Parkman, Bryant, and Bancroft.

Such familiar names as Dickens, Emerson, and Holmes, as Hugo, Dumas, and Verne, and all the leading English poets, are also seen. So far the library of 4,400 volumes has no separate books for children, but they hope soon to have a department that will interest all ages. On the first floor are the weeklies—eighty-six in number—and the dailies, all in a large reading-room, the walls of which are adorned with some

TWO PLUCKY ST. PAUL GIRLS.

Two lovely St. Paul girls of ambitious turn of mind, Caryl E. White and Mamie E. Geary, are living upon undeveloped claims of their own in Northern Minnesota. The *Pioneer Press* of this city says it was one year ago that Miss White started northwest to grow up with the country. At that time her father, Almond A. White of this city, was locating a town site on the extension of the Great Northern Railway about to be built between Crookston and Duluth. The town site was at Farris, a few miles from Bemidji on the west and from Cass Lake on the east, and on the very edge of the Leech Lake Indian Reservation. Mr. White observed that two excellent homesteads were unclaimed in the immediate vicinity of the new town. He suggested that his only daughter, Miss Caryl, and his stenographer, Miss Mamie Geary, go north with him and file upon the vacant claims. The young women assented, and they filed

from dictation. She was unable to practice her stenographic profession successfully upon the reservation.

These temporary difficulties, however, will soon be dissipated. Next April the nature-loving girls will obtain their homesteads in fee simple. Miss Caryl's nerves will then be restored. Miss Mamie will then handle the Chippewa language as readily as a curling-iron. Then the fair settlers will permanently occupy their two really charming homes.

Miss White's house is possibly the best log-cabin ever erected in the Northwest. It is built wholly of pine logs, barked, but unpainted, on the outside, and planed, though unpainted, on the inside. The "chinks" are filled in with cement. It is a two-story cabin. It has four rooms upstairs, and three rooms on the ground floor. White iron bedsteads are in each of the four bedrooms, with dainty furniture to match. The big fireplace of the main "hall" downstairs is flanked by the antlers of

moose killed by visitors. A preserved musk-along weighing thirty pounds, and caught by Miss Caryl herself in her very own Lake Caryl, within her estate, is displayed in the same room. Wire screens protect every door and window against mosquitoes. The porch in front is also screened.

Half a block distant is Miss Geary's cabin. It is smaller than the other, but equally comfortable. Between the two cabins land has been cleared. Pretty walks have been laid out between rustic benches and rustic arbors. Ten acres of each claim have also been cleared. There potatoes were grown last summer.

But, save for these clearings and the single roadway in the direction of Farris, the two lonely, yet sociable, cabins are everywhere inclosed with great pines pointing upward a hundred and twenty feet toward the pale sky. Lake Caryl is a beautiful brilliant upon the bosom of the forest. The blue, transparent water is banded with white sand. Moose, deer, bear, roam the forest; muskalonge, pike, bass, dart through the water.

While Miss White was reading in a hammock within her inclosed veranda last summer, she heard a rattling at the wire screen beside her. Looking about, she saw an enormous moose nibbling, with flabby, leathern lips, at the strange, vine-like wires, so small and yet so hard to eat. Indians in Grecian drapery and mildly streaked with the paint of peace came out of the forest once or twice and danced, to guttural grunts, around the rustic benches in return for groceries.

With Miss White were her mother and other guests. The only men were those who remained at the cabins the year round, encouraging the deer to die and the potatoes to live. The summer days were never warm in that "As You Like It" paradise, and seldom wet or chilly. And when poetry or potatoes palled, the women could wander, like Pilgrim maids, through the forest path to Farris. For Farris, less than one year old, is a real town, with three hotels and six saloons.

Miss White will go home soon, taking with her Miss Burnham and several other young women of Brainerd, Minn. Her aunt, Mrs. H. H. Barber, of Minneapolis, will go also as chaperon, so that the wildcat may not intrude his conversation—so that the next moose that calls may be introduced decorously.

THE VALUE OF A TON OF GOLD.

A paper published in one of the mining sections of the Northwest says:

"Some of our esteemed journalistic friends have pointed the finger of scorn at a recent headline in these columns which spoke of ore running \$500,000 to the ton in gold. They say that a ton of pure gold, at \$20.67 an ounce, would amount to only \$496,080. As the chief mission of this paper in this world of error is to hold the truth before all men as a shining light, we pause to point out that they are wrong, and to explain why they are wrong.

"There is no ton in troy weight. A ton avoirdupois contains 2,000 pounds, each pound containing sixteen ounces, and each ounce 437½ grains. It follows that there are just 14,000,000 grains in a ton. An ounce, troy weight, contains 480 grains, and a brief exercise in simple division will demonstrate that there are 29,166⅔ troy ounces in a ton avoirdupois. At \$20.67 per ounce, the value of a ton of pure gold is \$602,875. It is to be hoped that subscribers who may discover a ton of gold about their premises will not permit themselves to be victimized by the short-weight gentry who say there are only 24,000 troy ounces in a ton."

WESTERN NOMENCLATURE.

It is difficult to shake off the names attached to streams and mountains by the pioneers of a new country. With few exceptions, Washington has fared well in nomenclature. In a majority of instances Indian names have been retained, and usually they are easy and poetical. But in some cases the individuality of the first settlers prompted them to an effort to improve on the native names of streams and sections, and in some instances they were not happy in their originality.

The word Hangman has clung to the little stream which skirts Spokane on its western border, and repeated spasmodic efforts to center the public mind on "Latah," the more melodious name, have failed of their purpose. Now Senator Plummer of this county has introduced a bill at Olympia to make this change, and as no objection can attach to the measure it will probably pass, and may exert sufficient force to bring about the desired change.

A few years ago an esthetic movement swept through the Oregon Legislature, and a number of pioneer names were turned down for more polite ones. The good people of Alkali, in Eastern Oregon, imagined that the name was not one to conjure Eastern capital, and dropped it for Arlington. A new name was devised for Bully Creek, and Yaller Dog and Bake Oven were tabooed as primitive and unpoetic.

But Bake Oven has adhered, and is still the name of a post-office. Indeed, much room remains for improvement of the nomenclature of Oregon, which includes in its list of post-offices the towns of Burnt Ranch, Gooseberry, Haystack, Lobster, Long Tom, Mule, Shake, Shirk, Starveout, and Sucker.

A few names in Idaho could be dropped for the better, among them Bayhorse, Corral, Glimlet, Gentile Valley, Sawtooth, and Yellowjacket.

But while the breezy West has some crudities in its nomenclature, continues the *Spokesman-Review*, of Spokane, it has not offended more grievously in this way than have the past generations who attached to London points such well-known names as Cheapside, Mile End, Whitechapel, Haymarket, Hammersmith, Dog Island, Threadneedle, Blackheath, and Wormwood Scrubs.

FUTURE OF THE RANGE INDUSTRY.

Director Emery of the Montana Experiment Station, at Bozeman, says:

"There is a future for the range business, and it is being successfully demonstrated in many parts of Montana and Wyoming. It is that which moves the cattle far out in the early spring as soon as the grass has made sufficient growth and calves have been branded, on the vast extent of plains country covering, perhaps, 25,000 square miles, lying in the northeast portion of Montana, there to summer and to 'wax fat as did Jeshurun of old.' After the beef round-up is over, the steers out and marketed and the late calves branded, the bunches will be moved south and west towards the settled portions of the State, and the cows and calves and young steers be turned inside pastures and fed to hay—with the result that losses will be trifling and a short cut of a year be taken upon the maturity of every steer sent to market.

"Cattle-raising inside fields is profitable in the Middle West on lands worth from \$50 to \$100 per acre; why may it not be made profitable in the Northwest, with the combination of cheap and rent-free lands? Any Western man knows the virtue found in the forage and grain produced in Western climes, where the sapping rains, which exhaust all nutriment from forage plants, are lacking at the time of

year when growth and hardening is most to be desired. There can be no question that the Western cattle business will be reorganized upon these lines. There is natural wealth in the wild grasses of the plains, almost beyond computation. It is valuable solely as it is consumed in its proper season and manufactured, if you please, into the choicest of cuts of beef and mutton, and the cleanest and strongest fiber wool that goes to market. This profit must not be lost sight of; it must be utilized.

"It was formerly fashionable to prate upon the extinction of the native grasses; upon their having run out; upon their having been destroyed by the hoof of the sheep. This is an error. All these grasses require to regain their pristine proportions is moisture and heat in proper combination. The past season, with its five and one-half inch rainfall in the months of May and June, followed by warm growing weather, was a new revelation to every plainsman. Hay could be cut on every bench, and the pity was that it could not all have been consumed and converted. The results of this season have left new impressions of the future of our wild grasses on the minds of many interested stockmen."

WONDERFULLY VALUABLE STOCK.

The Butte (Mont.) *Inter-Mountain* says that the stock of the Boston & Montana Copper Company has reached the extraordinary price of \$226 per share and is destined to go still higher on its merits.

Boston & Montana is not a speculative stock. It is held for the dividends it pays, not for those it may pay.

"The value of the shares is not based on contingencies, but on actual product. Its assured dividends, dividends guaranteed by ore in sight, justify its present market price, and we yet look for a material advance. Good mines and good management tell the simple story of the company's prosperity.

"Great as are the Boston & Montana's properties, however, it is good to know that there are many more of the same kind in Butte. The mighty Anaconda group; the great producers of the Parrot, the Colorado, the Montana Ore Purchasing Company, and the Butte & Boston, are all "top notchers" and are daily growing in value and importance. They are great concerns of which the whole State is proud. Copper is advancing, too, and that means more prosperity."

A RICH CASCADE CAVE.

On a mountainside in the Cascade Range in Washington, and not far from the Great Northern Railway track, a Swede named Anderson has found a natural cave which is seventy feet deep and has an arched overhanging wall forty feet in height from the floor of the cavern.

Back in the innermost portion of the cave, it is said, is a decomposed ledge of rich gold ore twenty-three feet wide. It is so rotten that it can be crumbled in a mortar and the gold washed out. Seventy assays have already been made, and the poorest showing made so far is \$48 to the ton, other assays running up to \$200.

SNOW-BOATS IN NORTHERN MINNESOTA.—The Crookston (Minn.) *Times* says that J. F. Montgomery, the Angus, Minn., land sailor, has his snow-boat, the Monte Cristo, in commission again, and recently made the run from Angus to Warren, a distance of about ten miles, in forty-nine minutes with two passengers. The boat is a speedy one, with the usual three runners, the rear one being used for steering purposes.



A Corkscrew Period.

A live North Dakota newspaper, published not more than a hundred miles from Bismarck, says the Legislature was opened last week with a season of prayer, and that for the remaining sixty days most everything else will be opened with a corkscrew.—*Langdon (N. D.) Courier-Democrat.*

From North Dakota.

According to the Sheldon (N. D.) *Progress*, a good story is told of a Fargo clothing merchant who would give himself away and go to any length of self-abnegation to effect a sale.

He was showing off a cloth on his arm:

"Just feel de closch—butiful, soft as shilk, make you a lovely schuit of closch."

Customer: "Yes, but" (sniffing), "it smells so!"

Merchant: "Thash not the closch; thash me!"

Pumping for Money.

While Walter Barry was giving a sleight-of-hand performance at Manvel last week, he actually swallowed a half-dollar.

It is said that the doctors worked on Walter with their stomach-pumps for over two hours, but only succeeded in getting fifteen cents of the money back.

These professional men are hard to get money out of, but if there is any one in the world who can pump money out of a man, it's a doctor.—*Hope (N. D.) Pioneer.*

The Victim Gasps.

There is a colored barber in Fargo, named Gordon, who talks the Norwegian language fluently. Occasionally a Verdant Norsk youth strays into his shop, and Gordon opens up on him in the language.

In answer to the invariable exclamation of wonderment at his color—"Ner jeg kom fea gamle landet sa hver jeg sa hvit som de er," Gordon says, still in Norsk:

"Oh, yes; that's all right. When I came over I was as white as you are. You'll begin to turn in a few months."

And the victim gasps and is still.—*Henning (Minn.) Advocate.*

It Would be Unjust.

A Montana editor expresses himself as follows:

"Mrs. Lingo has sent to our print-shop an obituary notice as long as the moral law relating to her deceased husband, who passed in his check last winter.

"Will we publish it? Nlt. The great mogul has been dead to the interests of the community for seven years, and he is back \$10.50 on his subscription.

"When a man takes the elevator for the regions below, where ice-cream and bonbons are unknown and palm-leaf fans are craved for, it would be unjust—a gross prevarication, in fact—to publish an article landing him at the gates where he could never gain admission."

A Powerful Argument.

In a Spokane family, says the *Dilettante* of that Washington city, there abides a domestic who is a native of that land which contributes most largely to America's population. She was waiting on the table, one morning, when the

members of the family were discussing a bit of gossip which was not entirely harmless. Nora's mistress, erroneously thinking that the girl might have overheard the conversation, turned to her with the caution:

"You won't mention this to anybody, Nora."

"Mintion what, ma'am?" demanded Nora, eagerly; and upon being assured that it was nothing of any consequence, she retorted with the Hibernian threat:

"But I want to know. Indeed, I will mintion it if ye don't tell me what it is!"

How the Sign Misled.

Two young fellows dismounted from their wheels one afternoon, and stood in front of Janeck's drug-store fanning their heated brows with their hats. They were cooling off by looking at the Skagway railway and snow scene that adorns the show-window, when one remarked:

"Pharmacy is a pretty good window-dresser, ain't he?"

His friend replied: "That isn't his name; it is Janeck."

"I'll bet the cigars his name is Pharmacy," said No. 1; and they went inside to settle the wager.

Mr. Janeck was somewhat surprised, but cheerfully imparted the desired information, when the fellow who lost said:

"Well, you ought to take down your sign at the top of the house, for it says your name is 'Janeck Pharmacy.'"—*Yakima (Wash.) Herald.*

Cow for Sale.

The Dunseith, North Dakota, *Herald* contains the following unique advertisement headed "For Sale."

"Owing to ill health, I will sell at my residence in township 162, range 73, according to the Government survey, one crushed raspberry cow, aged eight years. She is a good milker and is not afraid of the cars or of anything else. She is of undaunted courage and frequently shows it.

"To a man who does not fear death in any form, she would be a great boon.

"She is very much attached to her present place of abode by reason of a stay-chain, but she will be sold to anyone who will use her right.

"She is one-fourth shorthorn and three-fourths coyote.

"I will also throw in a double-barreled shotgun, which goes with her.

"In May she generally goes away for a week or two, and returns with a tall, red calf with wobbly legs.

"Her name is Lilly, and I would rather sell her to a non-resident."

A Tale of Alaska.

A giant of a young man was here the other day who was fresh from his native wilds of Arkansas, with a "w" on the end. He was on his way to Alaska, and showed his good sense by outfitting in Portland, but made the mistake of arriving loaded down with rifles, revolvers, and bowie-knives. A droll young man, who has once been as far away from home as Oregon City, took the matter up with him and told him all about Alaska, and made him glad he came, and that he came well-heeled for game.

"Yes," said the Northwest native to the gold-hunter from the Southeast, "Alaska is a great game country, but your 30-30 rifles are too small. You need 50-caliber up there, for the great gyasticutus swarms from forest fastnesses and fiercely feasts on foolish foreigners. When I went all over that country years ago with a surveying party, I had to keep the outfit

in meat, and as my rifle was only 45-caliber, I failed to kill most of the gyasticutuses I shot. Shooting them in the heart seems to affect them not at all, except to tantalize them and cause them to pursue you to the death. I once had one chase me thirteen miles. I had on snow-shoes and the animal did not; so he could not follow me into the sea when I took water. Three times I was treed by the beasts and kept aloft two days, which was really lucky for me, as the thermometer on the ground below me ran down to 45 below.

"The gyasticutus, and also his cousin, the gyascutis, are good eating, but you have to shoot them in both shoulders and then wait for them to freeze to death, as they have no vital parts."

The man from Arkansas thus acquired much valuable information, but other men who go to Alaska should remember that the gyas is now extinct and only found in fossil formation, and that one gun is enough to take to Alaska.—*Portland Oregonian.*

Some North Dakota Recipes.

For some time past, says the funny man of the Hope (N. D.) *Pioneer*, a number of the people of Tower City have been afflicted with the itch, and it is with no small degree of apprehension that I have heard of its near approach to this locality.

A man from the buckwheat districts of Wisconsin introduced this disease into Tower, and, as it was something new to the people, it of course became quite popular and had quite a run in that neighborhood; most everybody got some of it.

For fear this disease will get a foothold here, I have gone to the trouble and expense of preparing a couple of recipes which are sure cures for the itch—if strictly followed. At first, it must be remembered that there are two kinds of itch, namely, the blood itch and the zoological itch.

The zoological itch is very common to all threshing-crews, and is not considered dangerous if properly handled.

For curing the blood itch, the patient should fill a barrel with warm water and dissolve twenty-five pounds of sulphur in it, then stir the whole business for two hours with a broom-handle, after which the patient must jump in and remain over night.

At intervals, during the night, the patient should hold his head under water for a short time. He may use his own judgment regarding the time. He may hold it under for half a minute, or he may keep it there until after the funeral, just as he thinks best.

Another cure for this disease is to wrap yourself up in a horse-blanket and then insert the head in a hay-stack and stay there until death comes to your relief.

A Bunch of Montana Puns.

When Dave Marks was in town the other day, says the Bozeman (Mont.) *Chronicle*, a friend called him across the street and said, eagerly:

"Have you seen the latest bulletin?"

"No," replied Dave, breathlessly. "What is it?"

"General Miles has been court-martialed."

"No! What for?" said the surprised Dave.

"For going to Tamp-er with the troops."

"Well, ain't that a Joe Dandy," remarked Dave. "Just watch me get it off on Sol Hepner"—who was coming up.

Dave, with pain and trouble on his face, said: "Sol, General Miles has just been court-martialed."

"No," said Sol. "What for?"

"For going—Let's see. Oh, yes! for taking

troops—No, that ain't it. Here it is. For fighting the Spaniards with troops and going to Tampa, Florida. Oh, damfino what for!"

One of our merchants is the victim of another. Some one came into his store and said: "Young man has just been drowned."

"Where?" eagerly inquired the merchant.

"While whistling 'On the Banks of the Wabash,'" replied the joker.

"Good," said the merchant. "Just hang around here a minute and see me get that off on my wife. Oh, I won't do a thing to her. Say, that one will kill her. That's the best one I ever heard."

All stood around and waited three-quarters of an hour for the lady to come in, when her husband rushed up and said:

"Man drowned this morning."

"In a sea of trouble, I presume," remarked his wife.

"No; this isn't no josh."

"Well, where was he drowned, then?" suspiciously inquired the wife.

"Oh, oh! he-he-he! ha-ha-ha!" roared the husband. "Why, on the banks of the Sourdough, of course."

The mayor has been bitten so much lately that a mosquito would find it difficult to find a fresh spot. He no longer makes any inquiries. He listens with stolid indifference, and, without uttering a word, walks away.

They began on him by saying that Dewey had been surrounded.

"By whom?" eagerly asked the mayor.

"By water," said the joker.

This was followed up by the remark that, anyway, Dewey would never see Washington.

"What makes you think so?" painfully inquired the mayor.

"Why, Washington is dead, you know."

The Swede Balked.

Amos Shepherd came back from Minneapolis the other day. He had been down attending a Christian Endeavor meeting (he says), and in order to keep up a reputation for deacon-like demeanor he strolled into a restaurant managed by some ladies, who arranged their bill of fare with Scriptural tests beneath each viand, something like this:

HAM AND EGGS, 20 CENTS.
"Eat, Drink and Be Merry."

APPLE PIE - - 5 CENTS.
"The Lord is Love."

A very nice-looking waitress approached Amos, and he ordered one of his moderate dinners—just a bowl of soup, a porterhouse steak, half a spring-chicken, etc., and sat down to enjoy it.

While he was attacking the really toothsome viands a Swede came in, struck a revolving position in the center of the floor, and looked for something which he did not appear to have success in finding.

A waitress approached him, and the subject of King Oscar said:

"Ay tank Ay skal hay mince pie."

The girl bowed in acknowledgment of the order, and withdrew; but she had scarcely left the table when the Swede rose with a yell, beckoned the girl to him, and pointed to a sign on the wall which read:

MINCE PIE - - 5 CENTS.
"Prepare to Meet Thy God."

When the girl hurried to him, the foreigner exclaimed:

"Ay tank Ay skal not tak mince pie; Ay skal eat apple pie!"—*Duluth (Minn.) News Tribune.*

A Lecture on Family Doctors.

From the time our old family doctor told us to watch some birds come out of his grip, and then vaccinated us amid yells and howls that could be heard in the next township, we have always had respect for doctors, vows the editor of the Bozeman (Mont.) *Chronicle*. When he told us that our little brother was brought by angels, we believed him with that implicit, trustful confidence of childhood; but when that little brother got old enough to kick us on the shins, we began to be troubled with skepticism and doubt. We found it hard to believe that the angels would waft down a youth who would yell like a house afire every time we inveigled him into the back yard and then took his candy away from him.

The fact is, if it hadn't been for doctors and a life of lowliness that has simply deprecated the use of expensive wines and other luxuries which our appetite has seemed to invite, but which our income has frowned down, we might not be here on the Sourdough waiting with impatience the crowning event of our life—the time when we shall fulfill that high political mission which calls us to Lincoln, Neb., to act as committee-at-large for Montana to the irrigation convention, at our own expense. At first we were not fully aware of the full significance of the words "at large," but as Lincoln is a sizable town, we grasp its meaning. And we shall undoubtedly be considerably at large.

No, we cannot throw off on doctors. We once, down in Minnesota, furnished a doctor with the first patient he ever had. He treated us three weeks for rheumatism, when a dentist



"He treated us three weeks for rheumatism, when a dentist came along and discovered that our collar-bone was broken."

came along and discovered that our collar-bone was broken. This did not down him, however, for he turned around and married the only widow of the richest man in town, and now only answers daylight calls.

We poke fun at the doctors behind their backs, but when we get sick we treat them as those whom we want to stand in with in our desire for a long life of usefulness. And then, when we get well, we forget all about them until we get their bill. And then we sometimes forget them with still greater ardor.

There are good and bad doctors. We have known physicians who could make a diagnosis of a case of jim-jams without feeling the pulse or looking at the tongue, and others who did not possess a sufficient gob of mental acumen to seek shelter during the pendency of a water-spout. We have known M. D.'s who couldn't even practice deception. We have known those who gave liver-pills for bunions, and Lydia Pinkham's Compound for warts; and it does not take an excessively brilliant mind to imagine that the doctor from Wellsville is one of the kind who prescribes asafetida for asininity, because he has tried it himself and found that it was in his case an aseptic.

A Hunt for a Missing Word.

A South Dakota preacher, whose memory sometimes fails him at the critical point, was recently preaching a sermon before a Sunday School convention. His subject was "The Resurrection." The thought toward which he was driving with all physical earnestness was that the doctrine of the resurrection was the very essence of the Gospel. The word "essence" he had carefully calculated to use in a tremendous epitome of his whole thought. Rising on tiptoe, he shouted:

"In a nutshell, my brethren, the doctrine of the resurrection is the very—is the very—"

Alas! his chosen word was gone. He paused a second, and then strode forward and shouted in thunder tones:

"The doctrine of the resurrection is the very—is the very—"

The recalcitrant was again nowhere in sight. Pausing once more, and mustering his physical weapons for a final desperate endeavor, he lowered his voice, but with intense earnestness, as if angry with poor absent "essence," he again let drive:

"Brethren, the thought I have tried to impress upon you is that the doctrine of the resurrection is the very—is the very soup of the Gospel!"

For just one fleeting instant the burden of a great silence lay upon the audience; then some unannounced member of the congregation snickered, until at last every man, woman, and child burst into uproarious laughter.

He Left the Machine in Doubt.

My wife's sewing-machine has balked again, and no amount of hot-oil applications or monkey-wrench adjusting will start it. During the summer months it persevered cheerfully in its work and seemed perfectly satisfied with its home, but now it drops stitches bigger than boys' tracks on a clean floor.

In trying to hem an apron which my wife was making for a Christmas present for my sister, this machine wrote a verse and a half of good poetry, drew a picture of a small boy getting out of bed at night, executed in tall, cook-book letters a receipt for taking the holes out of doughnuts, made a pie, and filled the salt-cellar, but it did nothing in the line of sewing or hemming. My sister will be disappointed in not getting the apron, but she will have to be satisfied with another year's subscription to the *Record*, which she tells me she prizes highly—top shelf in the pantry.

When a sewing-machine acts like this it is time to fix it, and a man who once spent a night in a town where sewing-machines were made came along with a repair sign on his back. He was called in. He accepted the call—at the same time giving up an idea of leaving town on foot. He looked the sewing-machine over for half an hour, then asked for a pan of warm water and some soap. He used the water to wash his hands in, and either ate the soap or put it in his pocket. He applied one of his feet—which occupied a North Dakota snow excluder—to the pedal, and paced around the track a few miles, carefully listening for any signs of needle croup, which he understood was around. His voice was steel hardened, and his words acted as if they were glad to get away from him. In this voice he said the machine showed signs of overwork, and produced some apple-seeds which he found in its thorax, and some pieces of glass from its upper hopper. He thought the machine should be kept in a dark room, and be sold as soon as possible. He accepted some boarding-house nourishment for his immediate use, and hastened on—leaving the still afflicted sewing machine in doubt.—*Grafton (N. D.) Record.*



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ST. PAUL, FEBRUARY, 1899.

THE JOINT HIGH COMMISSION.

The sessions of the Joint High Commission, which have been going on in Washington nearly all winter, are prolonged far beyond expectations. This body is composed of eminent statesmen and diplomats representing Canada and the United States, and its object is to adjust, if possible, all open questions now pending between the two countries. The questions of real difficulty are commercial ones. There will be no great trouble in adjusting the Alaska boundary, or in settling the question of Canadian sealing rights, or in obtaining for American fishermen the privilege of landing in the Atlantic ports of Canada to purchase bait and supplies and to ship their fish by rail to American markets; but the questions which grow out of the traffic laws of the two countries are hard to solve amicably, because they affect important business interests. The Canadians naturally want to secure for themselves the immense markets of the United States for their main products, but these products are those of the farm and the forest, and they cannot give to us any offsetting benefits in the same line, because we produce the same articles and have no special need of theirs. They particularly desire to secure a low rate of duty on their logs and lumber, and suggest that the present tariff of two dollars per thousand on lumber should be reduced to one dollar. To this the lumber interests of the United States make strenuous objections. These interests have freshly in mind their bitter experience when the Wilson tariff was in force, and when their mills stood idle while Canadian lumber filled the yards of all our principal cities. The Canadian commissioners do not appear to be offering any substantial tariff reductions in return for the low rate which they ask for their lumber. The difficulty is that the articles which it would be especially advantageous to this country to get into Canadian markets are

manufactures of various kinds which could not be admitted at low rates of duty without destroying Canadian industries that have been built with much pains under what is known as the "National Policy." The Canadian commissioners cannot afford to break down their protected manufacturing industries for the sake of selling their raw materials in American markets.

What these gentlemen seem desirous of doing is to trade off certain special restrictions against the tariff privileges which they desire, such, for instance, as the recent legislation of the Province of British Columbia prohibiting American miners from taking up claims in the new Atlin gold district, where placer mines have recently been opened. It is probable that at the end of the negotiations in Washington there will be an agreement to make a general exchange of the various concessions desired by one country against those desired by the other country, without seeking to get at the exact relative value of these concessions, or to make the balance exact. This would be good policy, for in the end the interests of both countries would be advanced by making the trade intercourse between them as free from governmental obstacles as possible.

RAILROAD RATES IN NORTH DAKOTA.

A few years ago the Legislature of North Dakota established a railroad commission and empowered it to fix rates on all the roads in the State. This the commission proceeded to do, and the roads appealed to the Federal courts for an injunction against the enforcement of the commission's rates, on the ground that they were unreasonable and unjust. The case was recently decided by the court against the commission, District Judge Amidon writing the decision, which was concurred in by Circuit Judge Thayer. The decision follows closely that in the Nebraska rate case, and holds, in effect, that State authorities, in figuring on the earnings of a road as a basis upon which to establish rates, must take only such business as originates in the State and is done wholly within its boundaries.

"Much of the argument of counsel on behalf of defendants," says the decision, "is devoted to an attempt to show that, under existing rates, the plaintiffs are earning upon their entire business, both interstate and local, a high rate of income upon a grossly excessive capitalization of their property. Conceding this to be true, it would be wholly immaterial unless it further appears that the income derived from business wholly within this State—that is, beginning and ending in the State—is such as to produce an unreasonable return upon the fair value of the property employed in doing that business. . . . In prescribing rates, the State of North Dakota is limited to that business which is done wholly within its boundaries; and in determining the reasonableness of such rates, the court cannot take into consideration the carrier's whole business, both interstate and domestic. That question was put to rest by the Supreme Court in its decision in the case of *Smith vs. Ames*, 169 U. S. 466, commonly known as the Nebraska rate case."

After quoting that portion of the Nebraska decision which stipulates that Legislatures in fixing rates must do so with reference solely to business beginning and ending within the State, without regard to interstate business done within the State, Judge Amidon proceeds:

"This is the most important feature of the decision in that important case. The other questions discussed in the opinion had all been passed upon by former decisions of the court; but this clear and complete separation between the local and interstate traffic of a carrier con-

ducting both kinds of commerce, though following as a necessary conclusion from the commerce clause of the Federal Constitution, had not before been expressly declared. It is manifestly a doctrine that is destined to have, in the sparsely settled sections of the West, where local traffic is trifling in comparison with interstate, a far-reaching effect upon the power of States to regulate the business of common carriers."

No State better illustrates the truth of this assertion than North Dakota. Figures given in the decision show that for the four years—1894-97, inclusive, less than three per cent of the freight traffic in North Dakota was local and subject to control by the Legislature, while more than ninety-seven per cent was interstate, and thereby subject to the exclusive control of Congress. Inasmuch as the volume of business subject to control by the State of North Dakota is small, and inasmuch as the cost of doing local business is proportionately greater than the cost of doing interstate business, the court had no difficulty in arriving at the conclusion that the rates fixed by the commission would not pay the expense of doing the local business and leave to the carrier a reasonable compensation on the fair value of the property employed in performing the service. It naturally follows, under such conditions and according to the reasoning of the court, that any reductions in rates made by the State will be unreasonable, and that notwithstanding the fact that the company may be making exorbitant profits on its business as a whole. The only way to force reductions in rates in such cases is through Congressional action.

This decision, we presume, will end the long effort of the people of North Dakota to reduce railway rates by legislative action. The effort was originally based upon a misconception of the relations of railways to the public. It was originally assumed that because these corporations owed their life to public enactment, granting them their franchises and privileges, therefore the public, acting through Legislatures or commissions established by law, could fix the rates they might charge for their services without reference to the right of the companies to earn operating expenses and a fair return on the capital invested. This was a favorite theory of the Populist party. It was sure to come to grief as soon as the question could be passed upon by the higher courts of justice, because the principle upon which it was based was as indefensible as would be a claim of the customers of a grocery store to fix the prices of the groceries because they had given the proprietor the ground upon which his building stood. It is a pity that so much good effort should have been wasted in the Western States in contending for an assumed right which does not exist.

A NOTABLE ENGINEERING FEAT.

The Great Northern Company expects to complete its tunnel through the Cascade Mountains in Washington in the year 1900. It will be 13,228 feet long, or over two miles and a half, and will be the longest tunnel in the United States, with the possible exception of the Hoosac tunnel in Massachusetts, which, if we remember rightly, is five and three-fourths miles long. The west portal is 3,125 feet above sea-level, and the tunnel slopes down eastward so that the east portal has an elevation of only 1,375 feet. The railroad now runs over the tunnel by a switchback, which climbs up to a height of 4,027 feet. The Hoosac tunnel was pierced from both ends and from the middle at the same time, the center work being done from a shaft sunk in a depression in the mountain-top, but the work on the Cascade tunnel must all be done from the ends.

PROGRESS IN ALASKA.

Mr. Geo. E. Brackett, a prominent citizen of Minneapolis, who has spent the past year in Alaska building a wagon-road from Skagway to the summit of White Pass, has been in Washington City of late, in company with Governor Brady, in the interest of legislation needed for the Territory. He furnishes some fresh and interesting information to the *Post* of that city concerning matters in the Far Northwest. Mr. Brackett completed his wagon-road, and it at once reduced the price of transportation to Dawson from fifty cents a pound to ten cents; but an English company appeared upon the ground with a project to construct a railroad over the pass to Lake Bennett, there to connect with steamboats for Dawson, and, realizing that his wagon-road would be of little use after the opening of rail communication from the coast to the interior, he sold it to the new enterprise. This little strip of railroad will make possible a perfectly connected rail and steamboat service from the coast to a great portion of interior Alaska. Mr. Brackett says that the newly discovered Atlin gold-fields, in British Columbia, a short distance east of Lake Bennett, will equal, if not surpass, the Klondike. The Legislature of British Columbia has dealt American interests a hard blow by the passage of a law forbidding Americans to take up further claims in that region. There is a possibility, however, that the law may be repealed, at the instance of the Joint Commission now sitting in Washington.

Mr. Brackett estimates the amount of gold taken out at Dawson during the past year at \$15,000,000. He predicts great fortunes in store for quartz prospectors in Alaska, there being an immense country in the region of the Atlin and Yukon Valleys where gold quartz is found. Rich deposits of quartz are always found where placer gold originated. A quartz ledge was located in August of last year on Taku Arm, where a pay streak sixteen inches wide was found, assaying \$1,166.62 to the ton.

According to Mr. Brackett, Alaska is not a disagreeable country to live in, and he even claims that the temperature of the Yukon makes it a more desirable winter climate than Minnesota. The thermometer ranges from zero to ten below. When it gets down to thirty and forty below it is only for a little while. In summer the land is filled with beautiful flowers, and the hunting and fishing are superb. Skagway is a model city. Boasting of a population of only 6,000 people, it has graded streets and electric lights, is supplied with water from a lake in the mountains 800 feet high, and there is sufficient pressure to throw a stream as high as that thrown by the best fire-engines. Dawson, once a huddle of tents and shanties, is now a stirring city. The winter temperature of Sitka resembles much that of Washington City. Mr. Brackett sees no reason why there should not be an exodus of farmers into the most northern of our possessions. At all the lower Alaskan ports the soil produces vegetables as good as any that can be raised in New England.

Thousands of barrels of oil from herring and cod are shipped from Alaska every year, and about 1,000,000 cases of salmon are sent from the lower ports annually. Since the United States purchased the Territory in 1867, its output has been \$67,000,000 in fish, \$33,000,000 in seals, and \$15,000,000 in gold, or \$115,000,000 in these three articles. During the past year alone \$4,000,000 in fish and as much in gold have been taken out of the Territory, more in one year than we paid for the whole tract.

Actual living necessities can now be purchased at reasonable prices, the scale of prices

having greatly changed during the last few months. Food has gone down in price to a quarter of what it was during the early rush, and flour can be purchased for as little as it costs in the States. Wages have gone down also, but not to a proportionate degree. Mr. Brackett has great faith in the future of the native Indians, and believes that they are capable of becoming excellent citizens. He is enthusiastic about the work done among the Indians by Father Duncan, as he is known in that country, who began his work on British territory some forty years ago. He found the Indians a degraded set, many of them being cannibals; but after years of untiring work he succeeded in forming a co-operative community of 1,000 educated Indians, trained as carpenters, blacksmiths, machinists and the like, and living peaceably and comfortably together. Owing to a difference between him and the Church of England, he obtained a tract of land from Congress to govern practically as he pleased, and removed thither with his Indian community. This was ten years ago, and today there is a thriving colony of Indians there, living in a co-operative and more or less communistic way, with only one white man among them—Father Duncan. They have a clean little town, with waterworks and good sidewalks. Trees are planted along the streets, and their church, which, like everything else, was built by the Indians, is a pretty building seating over 500 people. The church has an organ which is played by an educated Indian girl, and is accompanied by a choir of fifty voices.

Mr. Brackett's description of this progressive Indian town, called Matlakatla, ought to be an object lesson to us regarding the Philippines. If one man can do such wonders with a tribe of uncouth savages, it seems reasonable to believe that the same good results can be obtained by conscientious work in our newly acquired territory.

Mr. Brackett has also shown us that there are splendid opportunities for enterprise and muscle in Alaska, not only for the "wash-pan" and the "rocker," but for the spade and the hoe as well. He mingles his enthusiasm with a good deal of sound common sense, and advises no one to entertain any hopes of success in Alaska unless he has at least \$500 capital.

SOME MERITED PROMOTIONS.

By recent action of the board of directors, two of the oldest and most efficient officials of the Northern Pacific have been given new titles and consequent added dignity in the railway world. General Manager J. W. Kendrick is now second vice-president, and General Traffic Manager J. M. Hannaford becomes third vice-president. Each will continue to discharge the duties of his old position, and the promotion is a matter of title, and, it is to be hoped, also of pay, rather than one involving added duties and responsibilities. Both these gentlemen have served the Northern Pacific since its early construction days, and both are intimately acquainted with the people, the resources, and the industries along the lines of this great system. They are courteous, fair-minded and judicious men, and we are glad of their advancement. Mr. Kendrick was level-man with an engineering party in the Yellowstone Valley in 1879, and Mr. Hannaford became chief clerk in the general freight office of the Northern Pacific in the same year. The former is one of the best engineers and managers in the railway service, and the latter is one of the best traffic men. The recent financial success of the Northern Pacific, in which so large a stockholding constituency has shared, is due largely to the good work of these two officials.

RAILROAD BUILDING IN WASHINGTON.

There is still a very large area in the State of Washington that has no railway facilities. This region embraces the whole district lying north of the Big Bend of the Columbia and east of the Cascade Mountains drained by the Okanogan, the Methow, and numerous smaller rivers. It is nearly all broken and mountainous, but along the streams there is much cultivable lands, the foothills are well-grassed and make good stock-ranges, and in the mountains there is wealth of the precious metals.

The Northern Pacific Company has just determined to occupy this region with an extension of its Washington Central branch, which at present ends at Coulee City, on the eastern side of the Grand Coulee, and which will now be given a long swing northward and westward, crossing the Columbia at the mouth of the Okanogan, following the great river down to and below the crossing of the Great Northern at Wenatchie, and terminating on the present main line of the Northern Pacific at Ellensburg. The amount of new construction involved in this plan is 135 miles, and the new line will save thirty-eight miles of distance between Spokane and Puget Sound points over the old line by way of Pasco. There will be a branch six miles long to the lower end of Lake Chelan.

This new line will cut off considerable business from the Great Northern, for the reason that the most convenient railroad point at present for the people who live in the valleys north of the Big Bend of the Columbia is Wenatchie, on that road. It will penetrate or skirt a good deal of wheat country west of the Grand Coulee, where farmers now have a very long haul for their grain, and it will add greatly to population and enterprise in the valleys of the Okanogan and the Methow. All in all, it is an important piece of railway construction, justified by the needs of the country traversed.

Some of the Washington newspapers say that this new enterprise of the Northern Pacific in that State is a retaliation for the purchase of the Spokane and Northern Road by Mr. Hill. This may be true, but very few railroads are now playing the old game of retaliation. The Great Northern has occupied a good deal of country in recent years which, by the rules of railroad ethics, belonged to the Northern Pacific, but the Spokane and Northern was repeatedly offered to the Northern Pacific management before Mr. Hill was asked to purchase it. The extension of the Washington Central is a movement justified by the needs of the country it will traverse for railroad communication, and by the fact that the Central now ends practically nowhere. At the same time it is worth remembering that had Mr. Hill's old plan for a consolidation of the two great trunk roads been carried out, or had a virtual dictatorship of Northern Pacific policy been lodged in his hands, this new line, and several others that are projected by the Northern Pacific, would never have been built or even contemplated. This magazine has always taken the ground that the two transcontinental systems which furnish transportation to the entire region between St. Paul and the Pacific Coast, should always be kept separate and competitive in the interests of the people of the Northwest, and we regard with a good deal of satisfaction the fact, which must now be patent to all our readers, that Mr. Hill's ambitious scheme has proven abortive. Hereafter, we venture to predict, a citizen of St. Paul can express himself as an opponent of plans for suppressing competition in railway service without being denounced as an enemy to the greatest single local interest.



Two great railroad systems are going to build into Omaha this year. They are the Illinois Central and the Chicago Great Western. Both have secured the right to use the bridge of the Terminal Company, which was recently built at a cost of two million dollars to serve as a rival to the old Union Pacific bridge.

THE people of the Palouse Country in Washington are delighted with the report that the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company is going to build a line this year up the Palouse River to the mountains, where it will open some new mining districts that have been talked about for many years, and strike a belt of fine timber. The Palouse Country has already more miles of railroad than any district of similar area in the Far West, but there is still a considerable region at the head of the Palouse River that has not been tapped.

AMONG the ridiculous petitions that are being presented to State Legislatures is one from a merchant in Colfax, Washington, asking for a law to compel all Federal officer-holders on duty in Olympia, the State capital, to wear uniforms on the collars of which shall be stated, in plain figures, the size of the salaries received by them. Just what his object is it is difficult to conjecture. Perhaps some of the officials have been overworking their credit with him, and he wishes to know in the future precisely what sort of income he can look to for security.

THE annual report of the city building inspector shows that 901 permits were issued for the construction of new buildings in St. Paul during 1898. The aggregate value of these new buildings amounted to \$1,789,774. In 1897, 159 new dwelling-houses were built in the city, but a much larger number were erected in 1898, thus indicating that the people are gaining confidence yearly in local realty values. There has also been a considerable improvement in the erection and alteration of wholesale establishments, manufacturing buildings, apartment houses, hotels, etc., tending to show a healthy improvement in the trades, and in commerce and manufacturing.

A WALLACE, Idaho, paper has a story that the Burlington Company is surveying near that town with a view of building a road to connect with the Oregon Railway & Navigation line. Inasmuch as the Burlington would have to build about five hundred miles of track and cross three mountain ranges to get to Wallace from its present terminus at Billings, we doubt the correctness of the story. There is not enough steady traffic in the Coeur d'Alene Country to attract a third railroad to that region. The road of the Northern Pacific, which crosses the Bitter Root Mountains by heavy grades from Missoula, has always been a disappointment to its owners.

ST. PAUL'S new Union Depot is practically completed. Among the most important improvements are an immense general waiting-room capable of accommodating 2,500 people; a ladies' waiting-room, a private waiting-room

and immigrant rooms upstairs, and a baggage-room almost the entire length of the old depot on the north side. In the front entrance are six doors, and strings of electric lights. The doors lead from the vestibule to the lobby, and from the lobby exits to the smoking-room on the left and the ladies' waiting-room on the right, which is shut off with double doors. It is estimated that 10,000 persons could be accommodated in the building at one time. All the floors are marble, and the various sections are well furnished and provided with all modern conveniences.

THE Spokane *Spokesman-Review* calls attention to the fact that a total of 470 miles of new railroad is now under construction in the territory of which that city is the recognized commercial center. This includes the work being done by the Canadian Pacific in British Columbia, and the new lines of the Northern Pacific and of the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company. All this new railway building only responds to an urgent demand for transportation facilities. It is not speculative, for the reason that the traffic is now in sight to maintain the new roads. Along these new lines there will good openings for settlers, and to these openings we call the attention of adventurous men in the older sections of the country who still feel the impulse of Western migration, which has always been a noble feature of American character.

THE *Rocky Mountain Husbandman*, published in White Sulphur Springs, Mont., gives good advice to the ranchmen and stockmen of that State when it tells them that an era has been reached in the live-stock industry in which quality must receive first consideration. It says that the demand which is now made for improved stock is evidence that many practical men are convinced that well-bred stock is the most profitable. Blooded cattle and sheep produce more beef and mutton, and sell better in the markets. "Every cattle-raiser in the country is now seeking to improve his herd, and even the sheep-owner is seeking to improve his flock." It is very generally admitted that graded stock will receive much better care than the common stock, for the reason that it costs time and money to raise such herds, and stockmen will make suitable provision for them. This alone will result in large annual savings, as it is well known that cheap grades of cattle and sheep receive little care, and that thousands of them have perished from pure neglect. The graded process should be encouraged.

THE St. Paul *Pioneer Press* publishes a thoughtful editorial in which it is argued that the low rates of interest which now prevail will soon cause people to turn to city real estate for investments. The editor thinks that the time is close at hand when real estate that will yield a secure return of five, or even four, per cent will be eagerly sought after. The new business activity will undoubtedly produce new accumulations of wealth, and people with a surplus of cash are already looking about anxiously to find some place to put it where it will yield them an assured income. They cannot loan it on mortgages, because existing mortgages are being steadily paid off; and they can get no interest by depositing it in the banks, because the banks have ceased to pay interest on deposits. But there must be a new growth of the cities before any more buildings can be rented. Most of them in the West were overbuilt during the last boom period. This new growth will surely come, however, for the country at large has not ceased to expand in its

population and general business, and there are no signs in the world at large of a check in the remarkable growth of cities and towns, which has been one of the most striking phenomena of the last half of the nineteenth century.

SOME time in 1897 a Brookings County, S. D., farmer secured five bushels of Russian spelt, which he sowed on three acres of land. From these three acres 120 bushels of grain was produced, and the yield would have been larger if the seed had been sown broadcast instead of being drilled. Spelt is a cereal intermediate between wheat and barley, but it is usually considered a hard-grained variety of the former. It was the chief cereal of ancient Egypt, being probably the rye of the time of Moses, of Greece, and of the Roman Empire, but cultivated now mainly in Southern Germany, in Switzerland, in Northern Spain, and in some parts of Russia. It has a fine, stiff straw, the head is bearded, and the kernel is inclosed in a husk similar to that of wheat, although the husk is not removed in threshing. Ground for feed, the kernel, with the lighter husk, makes a well-balanced ration something like oats. The grain weighs about fifty pounds to the bushel, and is said to be as hardy as it is prolific.

No more striking example of home thrift can be found than in the newly-awakened mining zeal that is everywhere prevalent in and about Spokane. Prior to the sale of the great Le Roi mine at Roseland, B. C., in which Spokane men were chiefly interested, the Washington city experienced remarkable prosperity; but with the sale of the Le Roi, and the advent of the Klondike boom, local enthusiasm waned and naught was heard of Spokane for a year or more. Then Spokane capital and energy began working in the Republic District of the Colville Reservation Country in Northeastern Washington, and today the camps in that region are more prominently mentioned than any other mining-camps in the Union. And they seem to deserve their prominence, for it is certain that a very rich belt of mineral has been opened. The nearness of this territory to Spokane has precipitated another period of prosperity—which has all the earmarks of permanency. It all goes to show that it is wiser and better to pitch in and develop one's own resources, than it is to shut off energy and thus give tacit encouragement to developments in the outside world.

ARTHUR A. DENNY, who was known in the State of Washington as the father of Seattle, passed from this life on January 9 at his home-stead in the city he had founded. He was born in Knox County, Illinois, and in 1851 crossed the plains with an ox-team to Oregon, in company with a small party of pioneers. From Portland he sailed in a schooner to Puget Sound, and in 1852 he located the site of Seattle, which for many years was only a saw-mill hamlet in a notch in the vast wilderness wall that enveloped the Sound. Mr. Denny was the first postmaster of the place, and one of the first merchants. He had a long and successful business career, and when the hamlet grew into a town and the town into a city, his land holdings made him a rich man. He was a delegate to the Monticello convention called to take steps for the separation of the present area of Washington from Oregon. The name chosen for the new Territory was Columbia, but Congress changed this to Washington in the bill organizing the Territory. Mr. Denny was the Territorial delegate to the 39th Congress. He was seventy-six years old at the time of his death, and he left a fortune estimated at one million dollars. During all the forty-seven

years that he lived on Puget Sound he was a strong and active friend of Seattle and a firm believer in its destiny to become a great commercial city. He lived long enough to see many of his predictions realized, and he died with the universal regard of his fellow citizens.

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ONE of the most important and laborious of the bureau offices at Washington is that held by Capt. Henry A. Castle, of St. Paul. His title is Sixth Auditor of the Treasury, and his business is to direct the auditing and settlement of all the expenditures and receipts of the Post-Office Department. The annual total of the accounts which must be examined in his office is \$582,000,000, and to do this work about 500 clerks are employed. In the money-order branch alone 300 clerks are employed and 30,000,000 separate pieces of paper must be examined yearly. The orders are filed away and kept for seven years, and as each order covers two pages, there are 350,000,000 pages of matter kept on hand all the time. Every year the orders of seven years before are taken out and burned. The money-order business increases at the rate of ten per cent per year. Nominally, the Government makes a profit of \$1,000,000 a year on this business; but this is all a matter of bookkeeping, for if the clerks employed to do this work were charged against the receipts from it, there would be a deficiency; so that in fact the Government carries on the money-order business at a loss for the benefit of the people. Formerly, money orders were furnished only by post-offices in large towns; then all offices having an income of over \$200 a year were allowed to issue orders, and even that limit has lately been removed, so that now any cross-roads post-office can issue orders. Of the 73,000 postmasters in the country, 25,000 now sell orders, and a ledger account is kept with every one of them in Captain Castle's office.

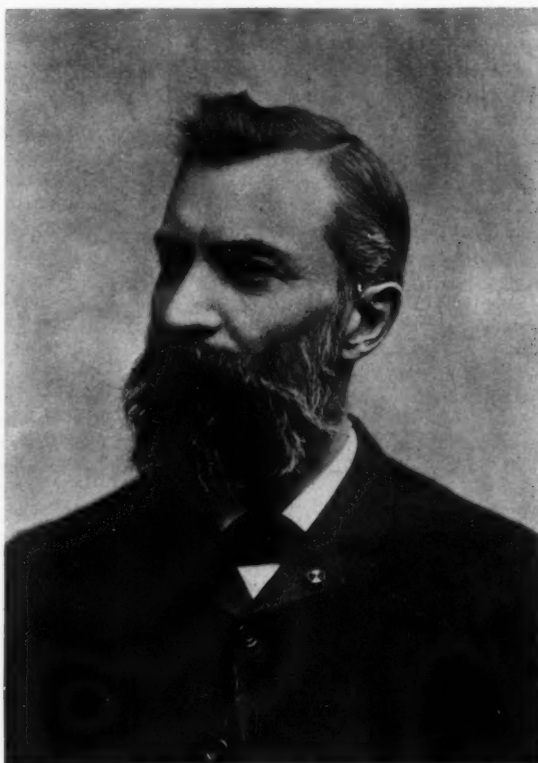
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If to this enormous business of transmitting money for the convenience of the public should be added, as many people desire, that of keeping the savings of the people in postal savings-banks and sending telegrams by a postal telegraph service, the Post-Office Department would be in danger of breaking down by sheer bulk. Its business would be too enormous to be properly directed from Washington, and it might become necessary to divide the country into districts, with a separate department in each. Many statesmen are beginning to think that the time has come to reverse the movement in the direction of State socialism, which has been running for many years, and to begin to reduce governmental functions to the simplicity of the early days of the Republic. If it is a proper function of the National Government to furnish exchange to the people, to carry their packages by mail, to operate savings banks and to run telegraph offices, where is the interference with private business enterprise to end? Why should not the Government also furnish mills to grind the farmers' grain, and run stores to supply people with groceries and clothing? The truth is, the governmental machinery at Washington is much too huge and complex already.

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A SUIT involving title to one million acres of land in Northern Wisconsin, which has been pending for some time past before Judge Loch-

ren in the U. S. Court, was recently decided in favor of the Northern Pacific Railway Company. The decision hinged upon the locality of the legal eastern terminus of the road. The Act of Congress chartering the road, declared that it should begin at a point on Lake Superior in Minnesota or Wisconsin. The company commenced building at Thomson, twenty-five miles west of Duluth, arranging with the old Lake Superior and Mississippi Company for the use of the latter's tracks into Duluth, and it announced Duluth as its terminus on Lake Superior. Many years afterward it built a line from Thomson to Ashland, filed a new map of definite location showing the eastern terminus at the latter town, and claimed that its land grant embraced the lands along this line. The company never claimed any land for the road between Thomson and Duluth, of which it became a half-owner, and the General Land Office issued patents to it for ten sections to the mile between Thomson and Ashland under the



CAPT. HENRY A. CASTLE, OF ST. PAUL, SIXTH AUDITOR OF THE TREASURY.

original charter act. The validity of these patents was challenged, and a test case was brought which involved the whole question of whether the railroad had any right to the lands conveyed to it under its claim that Ashland was its real legal terminus. Judge Lochren's ruling gives the title of the land to the Northern Pacific Company, and holds that the terminus of the road is at Ashland.

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THE election of Addison G. Foster, of Tacoma, as United States Senator from the State of Washington, comes as a genuine surprise, no less than a gratification, to his old friends in Minnesota. Mr. Foster removed from St. Paul to Tacoma about ten years ago, in company with his partner, Col. C. W. Griggs, to engage in the lumber business, and established the St. Paul & Tacoma Lumber Company, which built large mills on Commencement Bay, and purchased extensive tracts of timber-land. He has never been conspicuous in the politics of the new State, either as an organizer or as a public speaker, but he gained general popu-

larity in his new home by his amiable disposition and his level-headedness, and he speedily took rank among the leading men of Tacoma. He will make a sound and conservative senator, who will have the advantage over the smart lawyers that are usually sent to Congress from Western States, in the fact that he will represent one of the most important business interests of his constituency. Next to wheat, lumber is the chief product of Washington, and there is nothing about lumber, from the tree to the board, that Mr. Foster does not know thoroughly.

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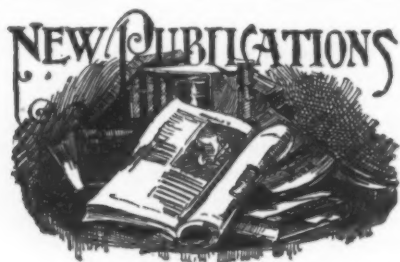
By the election of W. A. Clark, Montana has secured a senator who knows thoroughly every business interest of his State, and who has a broad mind and a patriotic spirit that will in time ripen into qualities of statesmanship. He is much the best man who was named in the recent contest at Helena. The dominant interest in Montana is mining for the precious metals and for copper, and by a lifetime of labor in that interest Mr. Clark has built up a large fortune. He knows the life of the East and of the Pacific Coast as well as that of the Rocky Mountain region, for he has a home in New York and a sugar-beet factory in California. He is a lover of art and a promoter of good enterprises in many lines, and he has little of the narrowness and selfishness that characterize most of the millionaires who get into the Senate by the power of their wealth alone. Nor is he a bigoted party man, for he differs with the party to which he has always belonged in several of its cardinal ideas. He will make his mark at Washington by his independence and his broad intelligence on national affairs. Mr. Clark first came prominently into public life a few years ago by his opposition to the scheme of the copper king, Marcus Daly, to remove the capital of Montana from Helena to the smelting town of Anaconda, which is owned by Daly; and his influence and labors turned the scale in favor of Helena. No doubt it was the good-will felt towards him by the people of Helena and the eastern part of Montana which gave him the senatorship. He lives west of the mountains at Butte, and his business interests are mainly in and near that city; but he did not believe in pulling down the old capital city for the purpose of building up Marcus Daly's new town.

GRAY FOXES COMING NORTHWARD.

Quite a number of gray fox-skins have been marketed in the southern part of Minnesota this fall. Many of the farmer boys, mistaking them for silver grays, thought they had a prize, and they were correspondingly disappointed, when they presented the hide at the nearest fur buyers, to find that they were worth only half the price of a red fox.

It is only within the last few years that the gray fox has made its appearance in Minnesota, it being a native of the Southern States, where it is quite plentiful. It is not more than three-fourths the size of our red fox, and, coming from a warmer climate, its fur is very inferior. Whether or not this condition will change with acclimation is a question of considerable interest to those who make a study of such things.

For some time these animals have been slowly working North. They have been plentiful in Iowa for six or eight years, but not until this fall has any number of them been taken in Minnesota. As far as can be learned, they have not displaced the red fox in their immigration North; but if they increase to any extent, it will become a case of the survival of the fittest, and their red brothers will have to go.



Among the most recent books of fiction for young folk, and among the most healthful and interesting, is "Dick and Jack's Adventures on Sable Island," by B. Freeman Ashley. It is published in Laird and Lee's (Chicago) Young America Series, and is fully illustrated. The life of these honest, sturdy boys on "Darling Rock," the drifting of their boat out to sea in a fog, their landing and experience on Sable Island and their romantic discovery of some old buccaneer treasure, with which they finally return to their anxious parents, constitute a tale of thrilling interest from first to last.—Laird and Lee, Chicago. Price, \$1.

When Edmonds De Amicis wrote "The Heart of a Boy," he gave to the boys and girls of the world, and to teachers as well, a book of great moral and educational value. It is a daily record of a schoolboy's life, in which the faults and virtues of pupils and instructors are alike presented with remarkable, and oftentimes pathetic, fidelity. History, noble examples, and bits of useful knowledge are so interwoven that one hardly knows how they crept into the work; but they are there, and every influence is for good. Well illustrated, and translated from the Italian by Prof. G. Mantellini, it is a book that might well be given a place in every home.—Laird and Lee, Chicago.

It is pleasing to note that among the vast amount of rubbish published for the youth of our land is now and then a book of redeeming features—such as "Paul's Adventures to Date," by Paul Gardiner. This little volume contains the story of a boy whose ambitions, founded upon faith in his own abilities, led him from step to step and from position to position until the end sought for was attained. It shows what energy and faithfulness will accomplish, and points the way to success to any one who reads it. We know of no little book that possesses greater practical value for boys especially, and for young men and young women generally. It is illustrated by E. J. Read, and published by A. P. Gardiner of New York.

Current history for the third quarter of 1898 contains 256 pages of reading matter, illustrated with eighty-four portraits, thirteen maps, and two full-page views. It is a handbook of information on all questions of the day—not an almanac, but a philosophic presentation of the essential facts of progress the world over, concise, clearly written, and conveniently arranged for reference purposes. With this it combines the features of a dictionary of general biography, and a portrait gallery of national and international celebrities. Each number is full to overflowing with useful and interesting information worthy of permanent preservation.—New England Publishing Company, Boston, Mass. Price, \$1.50 a year. Single numbers, forty cents.

The passenger department of the Great Northern Railway has issued a little brochure, entitled "Greater America," that is certainly a gem in every respect. It contains brief histories of the islands recently acquired by the

United States, with beautiful half-tone illustrations thereof, and states concisely yet comprehensively the vast importance of the new commercial developments that must ensue between this country and all the peoples of the Far East. It reasons that no section of the Union is more deeply interested in our expanding relations with these countries than the Great Northwest, which lies nearest the Pacific Coast, from which shores fleets of vessels will sail to supply the growing demands of the Orient for Western products. The booklet possesses intrinsic worth, the colored map, statistics, and other items of record rendering it valuable for daily reference.

"The Day of Vengeance," published by the Tower Publishing Company, of Allegheny, Pa., is a rather ponderous volume of 660 pages which contains a review of the world's happenings with the distinct aim of convincing the reader that the day of vengeance is at hand and that naught can turn it aside. The author is a Second Adventist, and it follows that the work will appeal strongly to all that are similarly inclined in thought and religion. It is not without interest for those who care for prophetic utterances and a detailed mention of the woes and tribulations of the earth, but we frankly confess that we do not see in it an influence toward any greater peace of mind and tranquility of soul than humankind already possesses. It is far more liable to make people morbid and restless than it is to render them happy and contented. The price of the popular edition is thirty-five cents; in cloth, \$1.50. For sale at all bookstores.

"The Great Salt Lake Trail," by Col. Henry Inman, author of "The Old Santa Fe Trail," and Col. William F. Cody, whom everyone knows as "Buffalo Bill," is not so much a story as it is a book of stories. It is an interesting compilation of the numerous old-time expeditions into that great country which reaches ever Westward from the borders of Missouri. In one sense of the word it is history; for, although the various chapters bear all the charms of literary merit and artistic design, they relate accurately the story of the Mormon hegira, the Mountain Meadow Massacre, the overland stage-coach, the pony express, and the score or more of explorations that followed in rapid succession down to the days of the transcontinental railways. It is a book for the old and for the young, and it will be read with great eagerness. In its pages are graphic pictures of those days when great hunting-parties crossed the plains and the ranges to trap the beaver and to gather the pelts of deer, buffalo, and other game. The hardships experienced by these men are told—their conflicts with savage Indians, their long wanderings, and their romantic environments. The book is well illustrated, contains a large number of pages, and has been carefully edited.—The Macmillan Company, New York. Price, \$3.50.

Of all recent stories, that of "David Harum," by Edward Noyes Westcott, possesses the deepest interest. It is a tale of American life pure and simple. The characters portrayed are so real that one can hear them speak and see the twinkle in their eyes. While the main interest centers about David Harum, a poor lad who slowly emerged from a life of toil and misery to the more varied and influential atmosphere which surrounds a prosperous village banker, other interesting personages are his sister and John Lenox. Harum has the reputation of being a regular Shylock, but as a matter of fact he is generous to a fault. Shrewd as the

shrewdest, he is nevertheless honest, and in his homely way does more to prosper his community and to help mankind than all the rest of the town beside. Of this country life and thought, the author shows close knowledge. His pictures are as complete as those of Dickens, and far better suited to Northern tastes than those drawn by George W. Cable of Southern types. Humor and pathos mingle. In his association with John Lenox, his young cashier, Harum finds occasion to utter many a philosophical remark that would be none the better or wiser if dressed in more elegant diction. While one reads the book, and laughs, one thinks, too, and it is a kind of thought that makes one just a bit nobler in heart and purpose.—D. Appleton & Company, of New York, are the publishers. Price, \$1.50.

Maxwell Gray's new novel, "The House of Hidden Treasure," may not rival the success which greeted "The Silence of Dean Maitland," by the same author, but a close reader will not discover any great difference in their respective merits. It is for the most part an English story, clustering about Hardwin Hall and its eccentric master, Sir Geoffrey Harbord; Brinson Hythe, his adopted son and heir—an accomplished villain; Colonel Dorrien, whom Sir Geoffrey's only daughter had married clandestinely, and the Dorrien family. A stronger picture than that drawn of Grace Dorrien has not been painted for many a day. She was looked upon as the family scapegrace. So wild and unconventional was her youthful conduct that she had been dubbed "Jack" Dorrien. She hated sham and she could not endure feminine weaknesses of character and morbidity of thought. She resented injustice in any shape or form. Full of life, and strong mentally and physically, she was honest clear through, even though at times indiscreet. She was blamed by her mother because she had not been born a boy, and she was hectoring by her peevish sister, who was always sick. Yet she proved the one jewel of the family—its one redeeming feature. Alone and unaided she visited Hardwin Hall and sought to bring about a reconciliation between Sir Geoffrey and her mother; but every attempt was frustrated by the williness and deep finess of Brinson Hythe, who saw in the girl a foeman worthy of his best steel, and met her point to point. The misfortunes of the Dorrien family, their life in the "Old House," Grace's sublime after character, and her final accession to the princely Hardwin estate, are related with wonderful strength and vividness.—D. Appleton & Company, New York. Price, \$1.50.

A MOVING MOUNTAIN.

An Eastern paper is authority for the statement that there is a mountain of dark brown basalt on the Columbia River nearly 2,000 feet in height and stretching along the stream for six or eight miles. When the white settlers first came into the country, the Indians told them that this mountain was traveling; that some day it would move across the Columbia and form a lake which would reach from the Cascades to the Dalles.

What the Indians said has been found true in some respects. The mountain is in motion. Its movement is forward and downward. The railroad builders who constructed their line along the base found the tracks continually forced out of place. In some places the movement has amounted to eight and ten feet in a few hours. Geologists attribute the phenomenon to the fact that the mountain rests on a substratum of conglomerate or of soft sandstone, which is steadily being washed away by the current of the big river.

STRANGELY INTERESTING MOUNTAINS.

A correspondent of the *Post-Intelligencer* of Seattle, Washington, says that what is probably the most important expedition in the history of the Pacific Northwest has come to a close with the return to Port Angeles of Prof. D. G. Elliott and his assistant, C. F. Akeley, after three months spent among the peaks and valleys of the Olympic Mountains. The expedition was a signal success, and the two hard-worked naturalists are greatly pleased with the results obtained.

Professor Elliott, head of the department of zoology in the Field Columbia Museum, of Chicago, reached Port Angeles early in July last, accompanied by Mr. Akeley. They came into town quietly without any announcement or flourish, and set to work to prepare for their difficult task. Elaborate preparations were made. Their outfit was complete for making observations and for preparing and preserving all sorts of specimens. When the party was ready to move it resembled a small army on the march. The route taken was up the Elwha

icals for preserving specimens, the undertaking was one to make an ordinary man quail.

Prior to Professor Elliott's visit, the Olympics were an absolutely virgin territory to the naturalist, none of its fauna being in the cases of any museum in the world. When the professor gets back to Chicago, however, with his big collection of barrels and boxes and bags, the Field Museum will be enriched by some five or six hundred specimens, all of them valuable and many of them rare; and some new classes will be entered upon the zoological records. He and Mr. Akeley have succeeded in obtaining specimens of every animal known to exist in the region; and there are many queer customers whose exact place in the great scheme of life has not heretofore been identified. Among the walking, creeping, crawling, flying, and swimming things that have yielded up their hides and horns and pelts and bones and skins and feathers to enrich the world's knowledge, are bear, elk, deer, wild cat, lynx, beavers, squirrels, chipmunks, rabbits, snakes, birds, fishes, frogs, and insects beyond number and description.

During September the professor and Mr. Akeley separated, the professor going to Lakes Crescent and Sutherland for fishes, while Mr. Akeley went deeper into the recesses of the

classified by Professor Jordan, of Stanford. Of the Beardslees he has one specimen, weighing thirteen and one-half pounds, and he says that nowhere else in the known world do trout grow spotted trout grows to twelve pounds, and the brown trout, of England, a river fish, has been known to reach fourteen pounds. He believes, however, that the Beardslees grow to twenty pounds and over.

As to minerals, the professor says he found pure quartz samples in plenty, but no slate, and very little shale. If, in his judgment, any of the precious metals exist, they are in very broken and irregular pieces. Nowhere did he locate a regular vein. What may underlie the eternal snows of the inside ranges no man will ever know.

Mount Olympus, in his opinion, is an enormous and interesting mountain. He does not believe anyone has ever reached the base of it, let alone scaling its summit. While in the vicinity, perhaps fifteen miles away, during September, strange and unaccountable noises were heard coming from its direction. The professor likens them to low, rumbling, incessant sounds, followed at irregular intervals by great, booming crashes, which he explains on the theory of glacial action. He thinks that somewhere on the mountain is a rapidly mov-

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River Valley, and thence westward into the heart of the Olympic Mountains.

As this was the first expedition of any magnitude to pierce these hitherto unknown regions, the difficulties encountered can be well imagined. Professor Elliott says that he is familiar with all the mountain ranges in North America, Europe, and Arabia, and that, for their height and size, the Olympics are the roughest and most impassable in the world. Nowhere else, he says, are there to be found such narrow, precipitous and broken ridges. He further states that he believes no white man, nor Indian either, for that matter, has ever been through the real snow ranges of the interior. In places the ridges are absolutely perpendicular, forming massive walls two thousand feet high. A ridge or "hog's back" may be followed for a few miles, when it breaks short off—with no slope, no possible way of descent. Some of the ridges are actually so sharp that to stand on them one foot must be placed on either side of the comb.

When it is remembered that the expedition was made up of some eight or ten men, with horses enough to carry an outfit to last three months, besides all the instruments and chem-

mountains for large game. With three companions he made his way up the Solduck River to the headwaters of the Bogachiel River in search of elk. They were compelled to leave their horses, and, without even blankets, prosecuted the journey and hunt for five weeks. The elk were scarce, but the hunters were finally rewarded by capturing five magnificent specimens. The antlers of two out of the five are the most extraordinary pairs of horns ever brought out of the Olympics. Professor Elliott says he has seen thousands of specimens, but that nowhere is there anything to equal them. They have nine prongs each, a spread of fifty-four inches across the tips, and for symmetry and size cannot be equaled.

At Lakes Crescent and Sutherland, the professor put in three weeks of what any one but a naturalist would call sport. In that time he succeeded in capturing specimens of every known variety of fish in the lakes. He says there are five to seven distinct varieties in the two bodies of water, and that they are different in each. He will take home with him thirty-eight specimens. The Sutherland variety, he thinks, has not been classified. In Lake Crescent he found the Beardslees and Crescents as

to such size as in this lake. He settles, beyond doubt, that these fish are pure trout, having no possible relation to the salmon family. In Range Lake, Maine, the professor states, the big glacier which is constantly hurling gigantic bergs into some great abyss below. He locates the mountain at about forty miles in an air-line from Port Angeles, but one must travel many more miles to reach it. In one place he noted a snow-field, the perpendicular side of which stood up more than one hundred feet, and he estimated the probable depth of the drift at one thousand feet. In the far interior the peaks tower in countless sharp, needle-like points, and are practically insurmountable.

The elk found in the Olympics, according to these naturalists, are a distinct variety from those of the Rocky Mountains and elsewhere. They were classified for the first time last March, and—an interesting fact not generally known—are called the Roosevelt elk, after the hero of Santiago.

Lakes Crescent and Sutherland are regarded by Professor Elliott as most extraordinary bodies of water—their extreme depth and purity, with their wonderful fish, being most remarkable in their way.



Experienced parties have about completed arrangements for the establishment of a candy factory in Madison.

Lumber operations are lively in Northern Wisconsin this season. A large number of men are employed in the woods at good wages.

The Ashland Chamber of Commerce is trying to form a company for the purpose of establishing a steel works and dry-dock there.

Baraboo's new high school building, to be erected the coming season, will cost not less than \$25,000. School building is active in all parts of the State.

Over \$100,000 will be expended in the extensive by-product charcoal ovens to be put in by the Ashland Iron & Steel Company near the company's furnace.

West Superior's new water filtration plant will cost \$75,000, and the new broad-gauge track for the street railway is an improvement involving an outlay of \$100,000.

The machinery for the new factory of the Segelke & Kohlhaus Manufacturing Company in La Crosse will cost \$20,000. The Northern Machine Works of Minneapolis secured the contract.

General reports of building operations for 1898 show that the towns, cities, and villages of the State made great progress, and that extensive improvements were also made in rural districts.

A company has been organized to build a large paper-mill at White Rapids, thirty-five miles from Marinette, on the Menominee River. The mill will cost \$400,000, and have a capacity of sixty tons a day.

The American Steel Barge Company of West Superior will begin at once the construction of a dry-dock to cost \$250,000. It will be the largest one on the chain of lakes—606 feet long, 110 feet wide, and able to take in boats of twenty feet draft.

Minnesota.

The Minneapolis public library has 580,474 volumes.

During 1898 St. Paul boulevarded and beautified two and one-half miles of streets.

Winona's beautiful public library, the gift of W. H. Laird, is now completed. It cost about \$60,000. It has already been illustrated in this magazine.

Rochester broke its record last year with a grand total for improvements, public and private, of \$300,000. The 1897 total was \$221,000, which was way ahead of any preceding year.

It is probable that a street-railway line will soon connect St. Paul and Stillwater. The Twin City Rapid Transit Company is after such a franchise, and will no doubt secure it.

Lengby, the first village on the new line east of Foss-ton, has a lot of enterprising and public-spirited men who may be depended upon to do all they can for the betterment of the village.

The total cut of the Minneapolis lumber-mills last year amounted to 471,150,911 feet of lumber, 75,582,850 lath, and 104,172,750 shingles. Lumber shipments for the same period amounted to 345,435,000 feet, against 287,085,000 for 1897.

The Hutchinson *Leader* says that the amount of business done over the two railroads terminating in Hutchinson by Hutchinson business men reaches the enormous figure for 1898 of nearly 63,000,000 pounds. Hutchinson is a good town to live in. There is enterprise there.

During the recent national convention of butter-makers in Sioux Falls, S. D., Minnesota captured not only the highest awards for best butters, but for the pro rata prize money for general State exhibits that scored ninety-five points or better, this State led all

others. Of the thirty-four exhibits that qualified for the pro rata contest, sixteen were from Minnesota, thus placing the State far in the lead.

The Morris *Times* estimates that over \$800,000 worth of real estate changed hands in Stevens County last year, involving about 80,000 acres of land. Farm land in the county has increased in value during the year at least forty per cent.

Duluth lake receipts for 1898, including 913,553 tons of coal, aggregated 1,391,174 tons, against 1,077,230 tons for the preceding year. The total shipments amounted to 5,621,840 tons, against 5,338,254 in 1897. This includes 17,136,319 bushels of wheat, 3,334,000 bushels of other grains, 1,615,425 barrels of flour, 4,523,219 tons of iron ore, and 257,916,560 feet of lumber.

The Crookston *Times* says: "In the number and character of the improvements made in Crookston, the year of grace 1898 has been a record breaker not only as to its own history, but also that of every other Northwestern city. The great amount of money expended is not more worthy of note than is the permanent and substantial character of the improvements upon which it was expended."

North Dakota.

Lakota's new schoolhouse will cost at least \$10,000.

The Jamestown *Alert* says that capitalists would find it a paying investment to build houses there to rent. There is a strong demand for dwellings.

Over 100,000 acres of land were sold in Foster, Eddy, and Wells counties in 1898. Of this amount 50,000 acres were sold by one firm in Foster County, and over 500 settlers were located.

The new Waldorf Hotel in Fargo will be a credit to the entire Northwest. It is to be a five-story building, and will cost nearly \$90,000. It is thought that it will be ready for business about the first of March.

One of the best towns in North Dakota, judging from the live appearance of its local paper, the *News*, is Fessenden. The town seems to help the paper, and it is a foregone conclusion that the paper is doing first-class work for the town.

Grand Forks' new Dacotah Hotel was formally opened to the public on December 2. The house occupies an area 125 feet square, is built of red pressed brick with brown stone trimmings, and contains 101 guest rooms. The building and its furnishings cost \$100,000.

There are now 103 State banks in the State. The number has been increased largely in the past few weeks, and there are a number of applications for charters soon to be presented. Deputy Examiner Wallace thinks there will be 120 banks in the State within a month.

During the year 1898 the creamery plant at Oakes received 615,000 pounds of milk, for which the farmers in the vicinity received \$3,900. The Lisbon cheese factory, during the same year, could have sold double its output in its home State, and expects to increase its output largely for 1899.

Big crops and good prices have placed the farmers and stockmen of the State in a fairly independent position. Taxes are paid promptly, mortgage indebtedness is being reduced, and in every section one sees substantial evidences of prosperity. North Dakota land is a good thing to own just now.

One can hardly pick up a North Dakota paper these days without reading editorial mention of great local and county improvement. Money has been expended for all sorts of betterments, from public schools to new business blocks, houses, elevators, and farm buildings. And the outlook for 1899 is even more promising.

South Dakota.

During 1898 Deadwood's local improvements cost \$464,500. There is only one Deadwood in the country.

Faulkton wants a new school building to accommodate its growing population. It will be built, as a matter of course.

The ore shipments from Ruby Basin in the Black Hills continue unabated, affording employment to a large force of miners.

The business men who were burned out in Ipswich a few months ago are already planning for the erection of six new stores with plate-glass fronts.

A clean-up of \$70,000 was made from a six-day run at the Holy Terror mine recently with a ten-stamp-mill.

The ore came from the 600-foot level. The Keystone District is bringing the Southern Black Hills to the front.

From parties who recently visited Hill City come reports of fifteen carloads of machinery arriving at that point during the month of December, 1898, for the Keystone District in the Black Hills.

The National Buttermakers' Convention held in Sioux Falls last month was well attended and very interesting. South Dakota has a large and increasing number of fine creameries, and is one of the most progressive butter-making States in the Union. The convention has aroused new interest in dairy questions, and the result will be seen in added factories and improved grades of all dairy products.

The Deadwood *Pioneer-Times* reports a discovery of wolframite near Lead, in the Black Hills. Its present value is about \$200 a ton, but it would require but a limited output to glut the market. Wolframite is a tungstate of iron and manganese, and its chief value lies in the amount of tungstic acid it contains. The acid is used quite extensively in the manufacture of steel, especially in Germany, where it has been used for many years. It creates a toughness to the steel that cannot be secured in any other way. The demand has been supplied from Germany and Russia, also small amounts from this country, chiefly in Arizona.

Montana.

The Granite mine near Philipsburg will soon resume operations—a consummation very earnestly desired by local interests.

Machinery and supplies are arriving at Twin Bridges for the Butte and Ruby Valley smelter. According to reports, the Twin Bridges' Country is one of the most promising mining districts in the State.

The metal output of Montana shows an increase of \$3,076,000 for the year 1898. In gold the output was 252,000 fine ounces, silver 17,200,000 fine ounces, copper 240,000,000 pounds, lead 22,000,000 pounds. All the metals show an increase except lead.

The new strike in the Hope mine at Basin is one of the best that has come under his observation, is what C. A. Whipple recently told the *Winston Prospector*. The whole of the big twenty-four-foot vein will pay well to concentrate, and a 500-ton concentrator will be built in the spring.

Development work is progressing rapidly on the January, says the *Winston Prospector*. As soon as the new ore-bin now in course of construction is completed, the company will be in position to add another heavy producer to the already long list of the district. The pay-streak is about eighteen inches wide, and assays \$80. A larger force will be put on in the near future, when stoping on the vein matter will commence.

It is reported that the Libby District will have another concentrator this year. The development work at the Silver Crown is sufficiently encouraging to call for the mill, and it is said that it would have been a producer long ago but for complications among the owners. The Libby *News* says that the machinery for an electric plant to light the Snowshoe mine and mill has arrived in Libby and will be put into place at once. Manager Walters has also arranged for the building of a telephone-line to connect the mine with Libby, and the work of construction will begin immediately. Such expenditures on the part of the company for permanent improvements argue well for the future of Libby.

Idaho.

Land in the Nez Perce Reservation has already risen in value, and property that could not be sold for \$500 a year ago is now in demand at prices ranging from \$1,000 to \$1,500.

The following is an estimate of the production of metals in Idaho during 1898, made by the assay office at Boise: Gold, \$2,273,700; silver, \$7,740,000; lead \$5,375,755. Total, \$13,389,455. This is an increase of \$1,659,570 over 1897.

The Big Buffalo group of claims in the Buffalo Hump camp, Idaho, has been sold to Lewis Clark and Charles Sweeney, of Spokane, Wash., for \$850,000. Mining men say that this is the largest price ever paid for an undeveloped property.

The *Vinlander* of Concord, Wash., just across the river from Idaho, says: "The way they are catching salmon in the Snake River at the present time is a caution to the oldest inhabitant. Every person able to cast a line or old enough to spit on his bait is engaged in the exciting sport of yanking the king of fish from its native element. As these fish readily sell in

the Lewiston, Id., market for from six-bits to a dollar apiece, the successful fisherman finds it a profitable business to engage in."

During 1898 buildings to the value of \$140,000 were constructed in Boise, and practically all of them were residences. There was but little business building, although preparations were made during the year for the construction of at least two large blocks which will stand to the credit of 1899. The most important feature was the commencement of work on the public building, the splendid structure which will cost, when completed, \$300,000.—*Boise Statesman*.

Oregon.

The Portland *Oregonian* says that that city is to be the Pacific Coast headquarters of the largest packing-house in the world, Armour & Company, of Chicago, having decided to establish a branch there.

The Red Boy mine, near Baker City, recently cleaned up 1,494 ounces of gold, in less than one month's run, worth \$23,829. It is estimated that the property will yield \$350,000 worth of gold the present year.

A company of Wisconsin lumbermen has bought over a billion feet of standing timber in Marion County, forty-five miles southeast of Portland, on Abiqua Creek, a tributary of the Willamette River. The timber is chiefly fir.

It is estimated that Oregon produced 8,798,571 pounds of butter last year from 47,000 cows. At the same rate it would require 58,760 cows to supply the butter needed for State consumption alone. There is a good future in Oregon for all dairy interests.

There is very close to \$1,000,000 on deposit in the two Pendleton banks, with more than one-half of the wheat crop and nearly all of the wool clip of 1898 still in the hands of the growers. With this wheat and wool sold, a full \$500,000 will be added to the deposits of the two banks.

While ditching on his beaver-dam at Farmington, five miles southeast of Hillsboro, George Robinson struck a gold-bearing quartz ledge which assays \$42 to the ton. The ledge is between two and three feet in width. No gold had ever before been found at Farmington, but old miners considered the indications very good.

One of the largest mining deals ever consummated in Spokane was closed a few days since when the Cornucopia group of mines in the Cornucopia District in Eastern Oregon was sold. The deal was made on a practically cash basis, and the purchase price was \$750,000. The ore in these mines is partially free-milling, and the property, which is equipped with a twenty-stamp mill and concentrators, has been a producer for about two years.

Washington.

Sales of real estate in Spokane during 1898 amounted to \$3,697,150.

Bellingham Bay is growing very rapidly as a great manufacturing center.

The Great Northern has six hundred men at work on its tunnel in the Cascade Mountains.

According to good authority Washington now has 2,414,626 growing fruit-trees, distributed in thirty-four counties.

Spokane has completed its first mile of paving, nearly all asphalt. Much more paving will be done the coming season.

The State inspector's report shows that 1,775,257 tons of coal was mined in Washington last year, against 1,330,192 tons for 1897.

With three large saw-mills, two shingle-mills, and one stove factory, besides several smaller manufacturing establishments, all running full time, Aberdeen is indeed a busy city.

The Union Iron Works at Spokane now has one of the finest plants in the Northwest. New buildings have been erected, and a large quantity of new machinery has been put in.

There is quite a building boom in Reardan. Four new buildings are under headway, and more are contemplated. Reardan also expects to have a flouring-mill of 100 barrels capacity.

According to the Tacoma *West Coast and Puget Sound Lumberman*, Washington shipped by rail, in 1898, lumber to the amount of 10,729 cars, or 171,664,000 feet, as against 7,671 cars, or 122,736,000 feet in 1897. The shingle shipments were 18,908 cars, or 3,039,680,000 pieces, as against 17,540 cars, or 2,806,400,000 pieces in 1897. The

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total cargo shipments for December were 35,845,145 feet of lumber and 5,700,370 lath, of which 8,536,355 feet of lumber and 393,270 lath went foreign.

The Central Washington Railway Company has filed its intention of building from Coulee City, Wash., via Wenatchee to Ellensburg, Wash. The company is a Northern Pacific property, and the act probably means the construction of a shorter line between Spokane and Tacoma.

The Puyallup region ought to be prosperous. The Independent of that place estimates the hop crop at 4,000 bales, worth \$125,000; fruit, \$30,000; dairy products, \$50,000; poultry, \$10,000; garden-truck and farm products, \$10,000; total, \$200,000. About \$25,000 was paid to hop-pickers, and \$3,000 to berry-pickers.

According to figures furnished by the State Dairy Commissioner, the amount of Washington butter produced during 1897 was 2,049,457 pounds; amount during 1898, 2,650,709 pounds; total increase, 566,252 pounds. This is not nearly enough butter to supply home needs. A great future awaits dairy interests in this State.

Representatives of J. D. Rockefeller at Everett, Washington, are planning the erection of a mammoth electric plant at that point to operate railroads, factories, mines, and smelters. Among the interests affected are the Everett and Monte Cristo Railway, sixty-five miles long; mining machinery and concentrator at the Monte Cristo mines, a paper-mill, a nail factory, a large smelting plant, and the lighting of Everett. Power for these is now produced by steam at great expense. It is found that by using electricity enough saving can be made to pay for the entire outlay within three years. A dam to be constructed at Granite Falls in the Stillaguamish River will furnish water-power generation for all the electric current desired. It is believed that the same system will be adopted as that put in at Snoqualmie Falls. The Everett and Monte Cristo Railroad has not been operated for nearly a year, or since it was washed out at Stillaguamish Canyon. The destroyed portion has been located on higher ground, and arrangements have been made to rebuild. This will cause the resumption of operations at the Monte Cristo mines, which were bonded to the Rockefeller syndicate, which has just obtained absolute ownership.

Canadian Northwest.

The Knob Hill & Ironsides Mining Company at Grand Forks, B. C., will erect a smelter of 1,000 tons daily capacity. The cost will be \$300,000, and work will be begun soon.

Mining activity all through the British Northwest is very marked. Capital is seeking investment eagerly, and a good deal of it is being placed in the Lake of the Woods and Seine River gold districts of Ontario and in the various mining-camps of British Columbia.

C. A. Porter, of the Kansas City Smelting Company, says: "Up in British Columbia there is the Boundary Creek District, which, when developed properly, will equal three Rosslands, over which there has been so much excitement. There are ten steam hoisting-works in the district, and soon there will be a matting plant, which will handle 400 tons of ore per day. At the Old Ironsides and Knob Hill, two important mines, they have a vein thirty feet in width which pays \$50 per ton."

It is stated that it has been definitely decided to extend the Northern Pacific Morris-Brandon and Belmont branches this year, and that arrangements have already been partially completed for the prosecution of the contemplated work. The report that the superintendent's office staff would likely be removed to Grand Forks is unfounded, as the extension of the company's lines in this Province makes it necessary to have the superintendent located here.—Winnipeg (Man.) Free Press.

It is said that the War Eagle Company at Rossland is now out of debt and paying dividends at the monthly rate of one and one-half cents per share. The total dividends paid by the War Eagle Consolidated Mining and Development Company amounts to \$125,250. The ore shipments, even on the present basis of 850 tons per week, are more than sufficient to meet the operating expenses and the regular monthly dividend. As a result, the reserve fund of the company's account is constantly growing. When the new hoist gets to working, as it will very shortly, the increased shipments will make increased monthly dividends reasonably certain. The old War Eagle Company paid \$187,500 in dividends, and at the time that the sale to the Gooderham-Blackstock Company was made, there was ore in transit to the net value of about \$52,500. This was subsequently divided among the shareholders of the old War Eagle Company, so that the total amount of dividends they actually received from the mine was \$240,000. If to this amount be added the \$125,250 which the new War Eagle Company has paid, the total dividends from the property will aggregate \$365,250.



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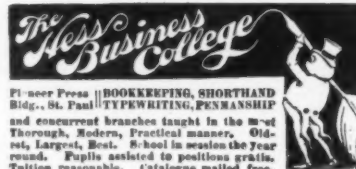
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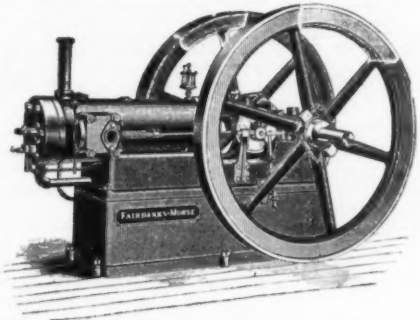
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A class in geography was reciting in one of the rooms of the Central schoolhouse recently, when the matter of the interchange of commerce and natural products came up for discussion and review. After referring to other countries and explaining what kind of articles were shipped to Germany, France, and England, the teacher put to the class this question:

"What do we send to Spain?"

A number of little hands went up all over the room, indicating a readiness and desire to answer, and the teacher told a bright-looking little girl at the farther end of the room that she might tell, and she said:

"We send soldiers to Spain."

"Yes, that is true," said the teacher; "but can you tell what we receive in return?"

"We get islands," came the answer promptly from the same little girl.—Portland Oregonian.

A LESSON IN HISTORY.

J. H. Brady registered at The Helena one night recently from Kenova, W. Va.

"Ever see a man register from that place?" he asked Chief Clerk D. O. Becker, as he jabbed his pen into the potato and reversed the register so that Mr. Becker could see.

"Can't say we ever did," the clerk replied.

"There is something very peculiar about that name," the stranger continued.

Mr. Becker meditated. "Wonder if it spells backward," he thought. "A-v-o-n-e-k—that doesn't mean anything; wonder what it is, anyhow. No; I don't see anything wrong with it," he resumed, finally.

"You know where Kenova is?"

"In West Virginia, if you know what you're talking about."

"Yes, and it's on both sides of the Ohio River, where three States join. The people knew this, you see, and so they chose a name that stands for three States. There is your K-e-n for Kentucky. Then comes O for Ohio, and V-a, the abbreviation for Virginia. In that way each of the three States is given recognition in the name."

"That is peculiar," said the chief clerk as he called "Front," and told the bell hop to escort the stranger to a front room on the first floor.—Helena (Mont.) Independent.

TOOK IN TOO MUCH TERRITORY.

A drummer who had been imbibing too freely walked unsteadily about the Northern Pacific depot one night, according to a story told by a Puyallup, Wash., man, and seemed to be looking for trouble.

No one took notice of the traveling man, and he became more and more excited. Raising his arm, to make it more impressive, he finally declared that he could whip any man in Tacoma.

No one took up the challenge, and the intoxicated man became excited.

"I can lick any man in Pierce County!" he shouted, looking about as if he wanted to be prepared for any onslaught which might result from this broad assertion.

Again the drummer found himself ignored. The peacefulness of the crowd of amused on-lookers was gall and wormwood to his warlike spirit, and he flung out a final challenge.

"Yesh," I can lick any man in this State of Washington."

Just then a stocky little brakeman who had just come in on a freight train walked up and

gave the drummer an uppercut which upset him and rolled him over and over.

The drummer lay on the platform for a minute, apparently thinking it over. Then he raised himself on one elbow and said:

"Well, by George! I guesh I bit off too blame much territory that time!"—Tacoma (Wash.) Ledger.

THIS SETTLES IT.

In a neighboring town a man named Coffee has applied for a divorce on the "grounds" that his wife "roasted" him and kept him in "hot water." The defense that his wife offers, is that she knows no other way to make Coffee good. That "settles it."—Crookston (Minn.) Times.

COULDN'T MAKE IT STRIKE TWELVE.

A bunch of skippers and shipping men had just finished spinning yarns in the captains' waiting-and lounging-room of a ship chandlery concern on the water front the other day, and strolled out into the storeroom where the eye of one fell on a large clock that strikes the ship's bells, instead of hours struck by ordinary clocks.

"Got a clock like that myself," said Jack Small, as he observed the curious gaze of the skippers. "Yep; got a clock like that, had it ever since I finished my seven years in the navy; use it all the time, and, if you'll believe me, I had the greatest laugh of the year over that clock a few days ago."

"It was this way. Of course the clock never strikes more than eight times, that being the highest number of ship's bells."

"Not long ago, after years of constant work, the clock became habitually a little tardy, every day. I took it to a jeweler on C Street, near Ninth, and said, 'Bring it up to date.'"

"I'll do it, and fix it so it'll stay there," said the jeweler, and smiled as I left him, shouting after me: 'Be ready tomorrow.'"

"I went for it the next day. 'Not ready yet,' said the jeweler. I cared little, but went the next day. 'Beg pardon, Mr. Small, but I am not ready to give you the clock today,' said the jeweler."

"I gave him a week more, but no clock; and then I became weary and aggravated a trifle."

"'Ever goin' to have that clock fixed?' said I, with a snap and a stare that drove center, for it brought out the facts."

"The jeweler leaned forward. His face was haggard and wan. 'Pretty string of nights you must have had,' said I to myself, as I looked into his drooping eyes, and traced the wrinkles stealing about his mouth corners."

"'Sorry, but I must confess, Mr. Small,' said the jeweler, summoning his strength, 'must confess that I have lost night after night of sleep over that clock; worried about it from morning to evening, thought and thought; cudged my brain, and even doubted my own judgment of the true existence of things—'

"'Come, old fellow,' said I, 'tell me what's the matter.'"

"'Cleaned the clock, took it to pieces a dozen times, made it run with the sun, examined every wheel with a microscope,' cried he in desperation, 'but I swear I can't make the thing strike twelve.'"

Just then the clock on the chandler's wall sounded eight bells, and the crowd went out to look at the bay and moralize.—Tacoma (Wash.) Ledger.



WHEN TWO ARE A CROWD.

Twombaby (who is waiting for Miss De Vogue to enter)—"I've been in some b-big crowds in my t-time, but I'll be d-dinged if I've ever been so c-crowded before as I am n-now."

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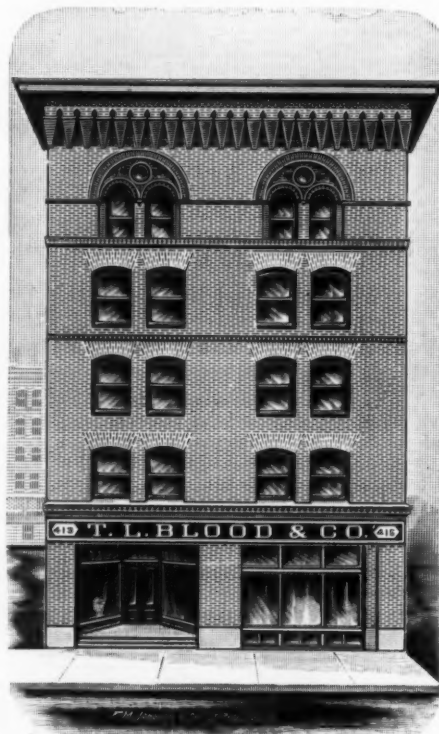
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Our descriptive circulars can be had at your local
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ITEMS OF INTEREST.

ROUGH ON NEWSBOYS.—One of the four papers published in the Arctic regions is called the *Athayoglintel Naglingingimik Lusarumin-asussumki of Greenland*. Its circulation is necessarily limited, and the paper's name occupies about as much space as the news matter.

STRONG MACHINERY NEEDED.—A log was cut recently by the Northwestern Lumber Company of Hoquiam, Wash., which scaled over nineteen thousand feet. The log, as it came out of the water, would undoubtedly have weighed over one hundred thousand pounds. It takes strong foundations and machinery to handle such enormous weights.

WASHINGTON'S PAINT DEPOSIT.—A paint-mine is the latest valuable mineral discovery credited to the State of Washington. The deposit of ochre, which is said to be the largest known in the United States, is located in the Mount Baker District of Skagit County, where it can be easily worked, and where it promises to prove of considerable importance.

MONTANA'S LAW LIBRARY.—Montana's State law library comprises a very valuable collection of books, and it is growing rapidly every year. It is found necessary to keep up an insurance of \$25,000 upon it now, and this sum is doubtless far below what ought to be carried. The bench and bar of the State are justly proud of the library, and those interested are exerting every effort to make it one of the largest and best collections of legal works in the Northwest.

RESTORING A BIG LAKE.—Red Lake, a beautiful body of water five miles long by two miles wide near Chamberlain, S. D., is slowly but surely drying up. The business men have taken steps to stop this process of nature by means of artesian wells, three of which are now flowing in the immediate vicinity. Another one will be sunk, and it is thought that the supply of water thus obtained will be sufficient to maintain a good average depth of water in the lake the year round.

FAMOUS MEDICAL SPRINGS NO MORE.—Word comes from Helena, Mont., that the famous Stinking Water Springs, sixty-five miles southwest of Red Lodge, Mont., and near Cody, Wyo., have suddenly disappeared. The place was a resort for invalids with rheumatism and stomach disorders. In blasting out the cavern from which the waters flowed, it was found that a subterranean river, half as big as the main fork of the Stinking Water, had encroached upon the source of the springs and put a permanent stop to their usefulness.

MYSTERIOUS BULLETS AND SHOT.—The United States assay office at Boise, Idaho, has 108 pounds of bullets and shot taken out of gold-mining dredges at Bannock City, Mont. The bullets are of every pattern known for forty years. It is a mystery how such a mass of missiles could have been collected during a season's work. Most of them are battered, but some retain their original shape. The mass of material is supposed to have a little gold in it, and for that reason it was sent to the assay office, but it will have to go to a refinery.

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When you are about to buy a Sewing Machine do not be deceived by alluring advertisements and be led to think you can get the best made, finest finished and

Most Popular

for a mere song. See to it that you buy from reliable manufacturers that have gained a reputation by honest and square dealing, you will then get a Sewing Machine that is noted the world over for its durability. You want the one that is easiest to manage and is



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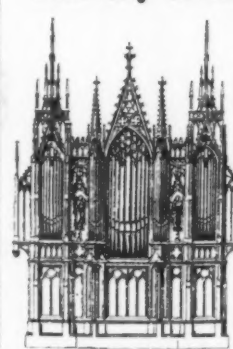
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At that time we offered one line only: The Milwaukee R. R. Milk Cans.

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We place these in competition with the so-called Iowa or Dubuque Pattern.

This year we have added the New Elgin R. R. Milk Cans; a line which is unequalled for strength, weight and beauty.

We started to make Milk Cans on a large scale in an entirely original way, and have succeeded far beyond our expectations.

Last year we sold over 50,000 Milwaukee R. R. Milk Cans.

Milk Cans are only one of the many articles we manufacture, and we can therefore handle the business on a very close margin.

If you want to know all about our Milk Cans, write us; it will be a pleasure to inform you fully.

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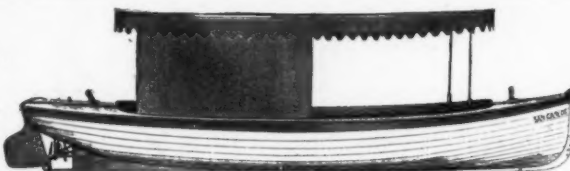
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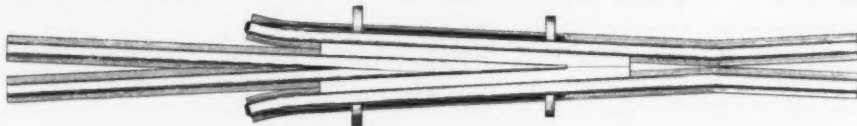
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" 4, Brown.



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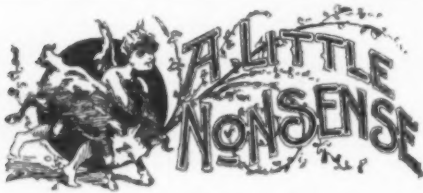
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There is something crooked about the business of a corkscrew manufacturer.

Eve had her faults, but she never went through Adam's pockets when he was asleep.

"This is the rock of ages," said a tired father who had kept the cradle going two hours with the baby still awake.

When a man's children can no longer ride for half fare on the street-cars, he begins to feel that he is getting old.

"I don't b'lieve in good or bad luck," said Uncle Eben, "ceptin' ter dis extent: ef a man's born wif sense he's lucky, an' if he's born wifout, he's hoodooed."

"I intended to buy Willie a gold watch for his twenty-first birthday," said his mother at the family conference; "but he says he's too old now for me to keep a watch on him."

Lottie—"Was he very much cast down after he'd spoken to papa?"

Nelly—"Yes—three flights of stairs!"

Young Lady (to newspaper boy)—"Are you a mail boy?"
Newspaper Boy—"You durn't think I'm a female boy, duz ye?"

Wife—"John, aren't you glad to be home again?"

He—"Glad? My dear, even your angel cake tastes heavenly to me."

Mrs. Bellefield—"I was so surprised last night to see several shooting-stars."

Mr. Bellefield—"Didn't you know the sky was loaded?"

Papa—"Remember that in marrying my daughter, you marry a generous and open-hearted girl."

Suitor—"I know it, sir; and I trust she inherits those qualities from her father."

Mother—"Johnny, stop using such dreadful language."

Johnny—"Well, mother, Shakespeare uses it."

Mother—"Then don't play with him; he's not a fit companion for you."

Angry Parent—"Don't attempt to deny it, Edith; I saw you both plainly. How dare you receive his kisses?"
Collected Daughter—"I didn't, papa; I returned every one of them."

She—"Why are you sceptical about the sincerity of that temperance speaker?"

He—"Well, he tried to blow the foam off a glass of water."

Little Sister—"What's the difference 'tween 'lectricity and lightnin'?"

Little Brother—"Dere's a dood deal of difference. You don't have to pay nothin' for lightnin'."

"Do you think bachelors ought to be taxed?" someone asked.

"I'm not quite sure yet," she answered, dreamily. "Give me another week, and maybe I'll be able to land him without any outside help."

She—"Why does that piano sound first loud and then soft when your sister plays it?"

He—"Well, you see, she is learning to ride a bike, and uses the pedals alternately from force of habit."

"My children," said the poor man sadly, "are crying for bread."

"Which shows," replied the rich man, coldly, "how much you have to be thankful for. Now, mine are crying for bon-bons."

Friend—"I understand that you have joined the literary brotherhood."

"Yes," Lovelace replied. I am now writing for a living."

And he dashed off another begging letter to his father.

"My wife," said the young man, "always kisses me when I come home at night."

"My wife does not," replied the man of middle age; but it's of no advantage to me. In one way or another she gets a report on the condition of my breath, just the same."

"I never was glad for this im-im-pediment in my speech but once," said the man from Fargo.

"When was that?"

"Fe-fe-fellow asked me h-h-how much I would take for a-a-horse, and while I-I-I was trying to tell him s-s-sixty pounds, he offered me a hundred."

Wife—"I found an egg in the coal-bin this morning. That's a queer place for a hen to lay in."

Husband—"Just the place, my dear; just the place."

Wife—"Just the place?"

Husband—"Why, certainly. If our hens begin to lay in coal for us we won't need to mind how the price goes."

Two Irishmen, traveling, stopped a man on the road and asked him the distance to the nearest town.

"Twenty miles," said the stranger.

"Twenty miles!" Sure we won't get there tonight!" cried one of the Hibernians.

"Faith, we will," said his companion. "Why, it's only tin miles a-piece, ye omadhaun!"



RAISING HIS BLUFF.

He—"Would you consider it a liberty if I offered to kiss you?"

She—"It would not be liberty, but license. You can procure it at the office of the city registrar."

"There's some mistake about this steam-heating apparatus," said the tenant.

"What's the trouble?" asked the landlord.

"I think the manufacturer has worked off some ice-making machine on you."

The Big Brother—"What are you going to give the Governor for Christmas, Edith?"

The Sister—"I am working him some handkerchiefs and you?"

The Brother—"I am working him for an advance in my allowance."

Tom—"Puffins answered an advertisement in which somebody offered to sell him the secret for preventing trousers from getting fringed around the bottom."

Sam—"What did they tell him?"

"They told him to wear knickerbockers."

She—"Do you believe that men and women will ever have equal rights in this country?"

He—"No; I don't believe the time will ever come when one man will be permitted to occupy room enough for two in a street-car without a row."

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A most delightful winter route to the coast. Quicker time is made via this route between St. Paul and Minneapolis and California than via any other line.

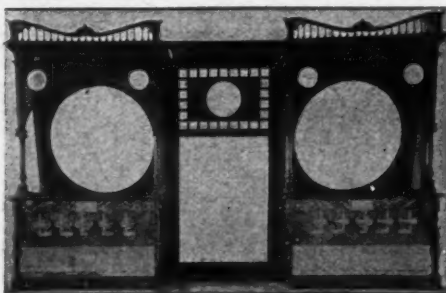
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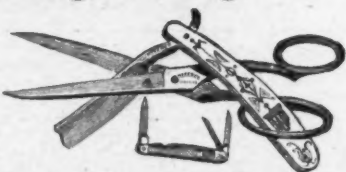
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 Worth \$1.00, for 14 cents.

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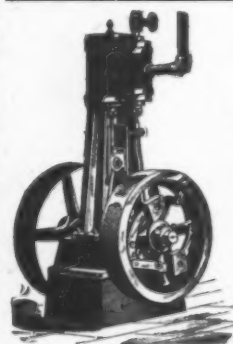
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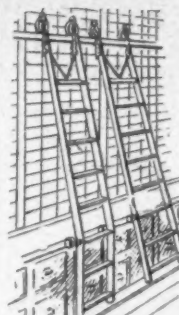
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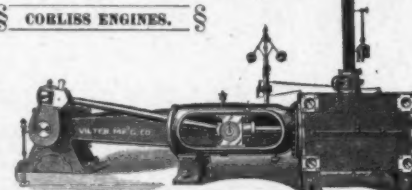
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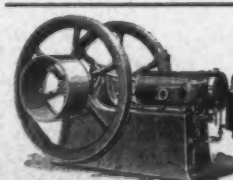


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